HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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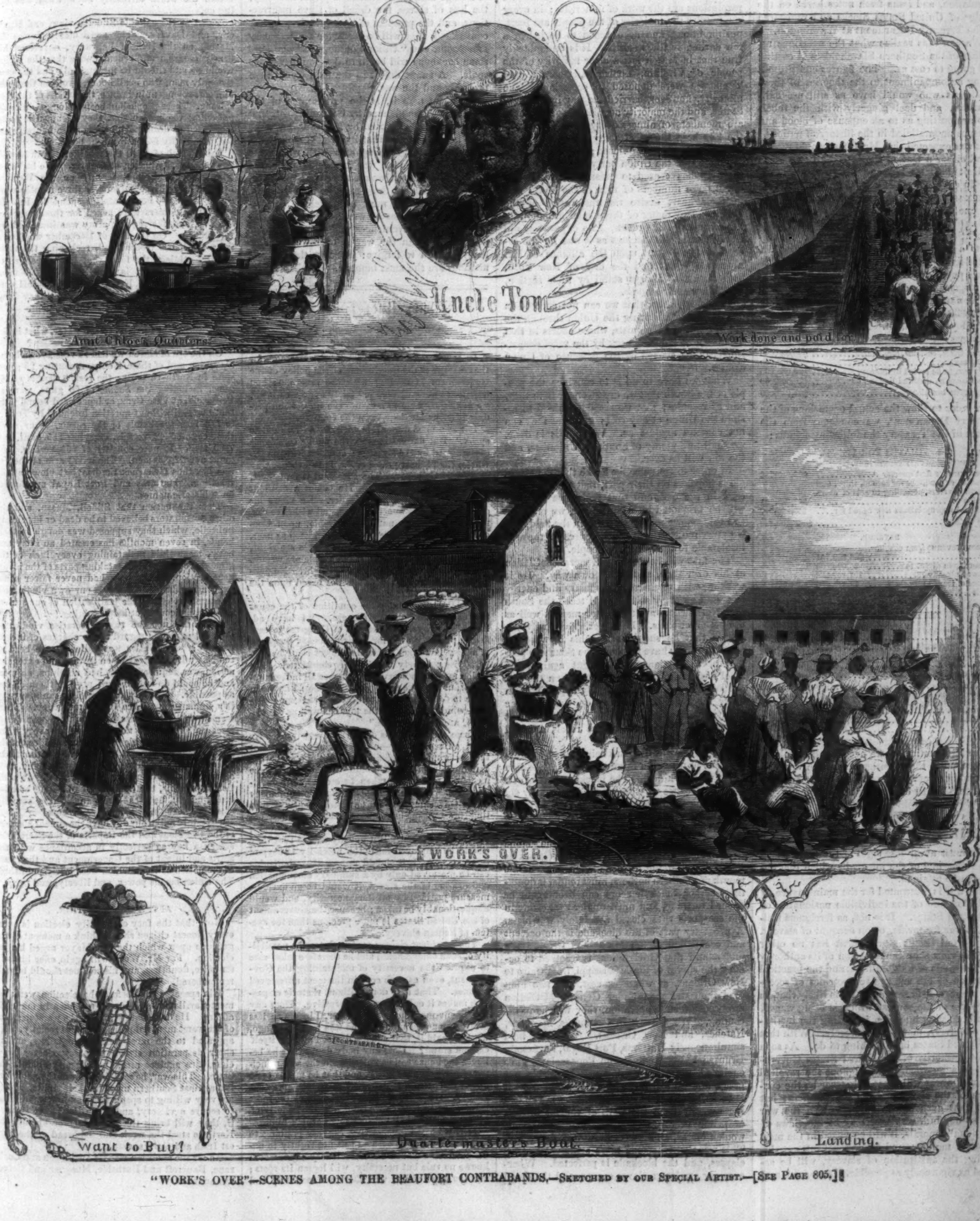

Aunt Chloe's Quarters.
Uncle Tom
Work done and paid for.
WORK'S OVER.
Want to Buy?
Quartermaster's Boat.
Landing.

"WORK'S OVER"—SCENES AMONG THE BEAUFORT CONTRABANDS.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 805.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 21, 1861.

OUR FINANCES.

MR. CHASE, in his Report just laid before Congress, estimates that the rebellion is costing us about $400,000,000 a year, exclusive of the proceeds of the new war taxes. In other words, so long as the war lasts, the loyal people will have to pay direct and indirect taxes at the rate of about $4 per head per annum, and will besides have to borrow $400,000,000 a year.

He has already borrowed $197,000,000 at 6 @ 7.30 per cent.; further loans to the amount of $75,000,000 were authorized at the extra session in last July: Mr. Chase now asks Congress to authorize the negotiation of fresh loans to the tune of $430,000,000 to carry on the war to 1st July, 1863. Besides the money to be thus raised, he proposes to obtain $150,000,000 by obliging the Banks to call in all their present circulation, and issue fresh notes based on the pledge of United States Stocks and registered at the Treasury Department at Washington.

We can thus realize what the nefarious rebellion of the Southern Slaveholders is costing and going to cost us. The figures constitute a fitting accompaniment to the theories of those politicians who would have us still use half-measures, and deal gingerly with the rebels who are putting us to an expense of blood and treasure unparalleled in the history of nations.

It was expected that Mr. Chase would recommend either a United States Bank or an issue of United States Demand Notes, not redeemable in coin, but made a legal tender by Act of Congress. Wars of such magnitude as the present one have never been waged upon a specie basis. Wall Street was prepared for a recommendation which would have practically amounted to a suspension of specie payments. Mr. Chase has not fulfilled these expectations. If specie payments are to be suspended he leaves the responsibility of the act to Congress.

The new tax levy will amount, as we said, to about $90,000,000 a year, or say $4 per head of the loyal population. This tax is distributed as follows:

Indirect taxes, customs, etc., etc.	$40,000,000
Income tax	10,000,000
Direct tax, to be levied by States	20,000,000
Tax on tobacco, distilled liquors, etc., etc.	20,000,000
Aggregate taxation	$90,000,000

In order to show the actual operations of the Treasury Department, we condense from the Report of the Treasury the following figures:

ESTIMATES FOR 1861–'62.

EXPENDITURE.

Expenditure for first quarter		$98,239,733
Estimated expenditure for second, third, and fourth quarters, according to acts of extra session		302,035,761
Additional appropriations now asked for		143,130,927
Total		$543,406,422

REVENUE.

Ordinary revenue from customs, etc.	$36,809,731	
Revenue from direct tax	20,000,000	
Borrowed already	197,242,588	
Balance of loans authorized	75,449,675	
Deficit	213,904,427	
		$543,406,422

ESTIMATES FOR 1862–'63.

EXPENDITURE.

Civil list		$23,086,971
Interior Department		4,102,962
War		360,159,986
Navy		45,164,994
Public debt		42,816,330
Total		$475,331,245

REVENUE.

Customs, etc.	$45,800,000	
Direct taxes	50,000,000	
Deficit	379,531,245	
		$475,331,245

The latter estimate, we need hardly explain, is based upon the hypothesis that the war will last another year. Mr. Chase hopes and believes that it will be over by mid-summer.

THE END AND THE WAY.

We must never lose sight of the main object of the war, and of the means by which that object can be attained.

This war is prosecuted for the maintenance of the Union and of the indivisible nationality of the United States. It is not, as foreigners suppose, a war for tariffs, or on account of slavery. The United States Government has no other object in view than the assertion of its authority over the whole of its dominion, and the practical refutation of the subversive doctrines of secession and State sovereignty. It is likely that, in the course of the contest which is being waged, various existing interests, including the institution of slavery, may suffer severely. With that the United States have nothing to do. As soon as the authority of the United States Government is acknowledged throughout the revolted section the war will cease, whatever be the condition of the slaves and the slave-owners; but until that authority is acknowledged the war will go on, and, whatever may be the views of individual generals, it will be waged in the most thorough manner, and every rebel interest, including the institution of slavery, will be assailed as vigorously as possible. If we are forced to free the slaves in order to restore the Union, we shall do so. But no one in authority would desire to carry on the conflict for one hour after the authority of the Government was acknowledged at the South, for the sake of abolishing slavery.

How are we to succeed in accomplishing our purpose of restoring the authority of Government throughout the revolted section?

When the war first broke out it was generally assumed that there was in every Southern State, with, perhaps, the single exception of South Carolina, a majority in favor of the Union, and that nothing was needed but the presence of an imposing force of Union troops to enable this majority to reassert its control over the section which it inhabited. The idea of many persons was that if we sent a hundred thousand troops into Virginia, the loyalists of that State would straightway overwhelm the rebels, and elect members of Congress. Experience soon caused a modification of these views. People soon realized that a majority which lets itself be ruled by a minority could not prove a very efficient ally to an invading army. Independently of this consideration, it was remembered that all revolutions are the work of minorities; in every community the majority of the people are inert, pusillanimous, and accustomed to be led by a few daring, reckless spirits. It is undoubtedly true that in March last a clear majority of the people of Virginia, Louisiana, Georgia, and Tennessee were opposed to secession. The minority, however, carried the day in all these States, and the majority acquiesced. Now there are members of almost every Union family at the South in the rebel army; Southern pride has been thoroughly aroused; and it is safe to conclude that the Union party at the South—as a party—has ceased to exist. There are no doubt large numbers of men at the South who in their heart desire the restoration of the Union. But many of these men are fighting in the ranks of the rebels. To expect any aid from them is as fallacious as it was for the secessionists to count upon the alliance of Mr. Fernando Wood and the city of New York. The "masses" always stand by their section, and follow their leaders.

It is clear, then, that we can not succeed in our purpose of restoring the Union through the aid of Southern Unionists, whose efforts in that behalf—now held in check by the rebel despotism—can be evoked by the presence of Union armies.

What we have to do is to convince the people of the South that we are stronger than they, and as resolute; that we are determined to restore the Union at any cost; and that they can not contend against us. When this is done, we shall find plenty of Southern Unionists, and the war will be over.

In order to convince the South that the struggle is hopeless on their part, that we must succeed in the end, and that their best interests will be promoted by a surrender, we must do two things—we must beat them in the field, and we must render the inconveniences of the war intolerable to the Southern people.

The first will be done by General M'Clellan at his own time, and in his own way. He is working with unexampled industry and energy to create an army which shall teach the South that Northerners are the better men as well as the better citizens. It is, perhaps, hardly desirable that he should strike his blow before other measures have prepared the Southern people for a reactionary movement against the rebel despotism. At all events, when the cost of rebellion has been thoroughly appreciated in every rebel State, a victory on the Potomac will yield far more useful fruit than it would at present, while the bulk of the rebels are still sanguine of success.

The measures which are being taken by Government to teach the South the cost of rebellion are of various kinds. The blockade is the first. This must cause very severe suffering. For six months no vessel has arrived at New Orleans. Thousands of families, which derive their living from foreign trade at Southern ports, must be puzzled to obtain food and clothing. The "stone fleet" blockade will strike at other classes as well. The sinking of stone-laden ships at the mouth of Southern harbors, must render it doubtful whether those harbors can ever again be opened to trade, and must render real estate in the sea-ports thus closed absolutely worthless. A necessary part of the blockade is the descent and occupation of the Mississippi River. We understand that Government is resolved to occupy the shores of the Mississippi, from Cairo to New Orleans, at whatever cost. If two hundred thousand men under General M'Clellan are needed for the operation, they will be forthcoming. We must hold Columbus, Memphis, Natchez, and New Orleans. We may hold simultaneously Hatteras, Port Royal, Savannah, Brunswick, Fernandina, and Pensacola. Thus encircled, the rebel section will be within our grasp, and we can make the rebels feel what it is to be at war. For instance, they are suffering severely from the want of various articles of prime necessity, leather, coffee, tea, salt, woolen cloths, all kinds of hardware, drugs, etc. This want will become more stringent as time elapses, and the blockade is perfected. Wherever our armies go slaves escape, and the dread of servile insurrections spreads. When we come to hold half the great cities of the South, we should imagine that this consideration alone will lead many rebels to weigh the advantages of surrender. Our occupation of Port Royal is said to have cost the people of that district 7000 slaves, worth—as they are mostly adults—at least $5,000,000. Virginia has lost more than 7000. When we take Memphis and New Orleans the fugitives will probably be counted by the hundreds of thousands. The Confiscation Act is another part of the regular course of instruction through which the rebels will be put. It is well understood that Congress will pass a law which will forfeit the property of every rebel, and will divide it between loyal men who have been ruined by the war and the Government itself. As our armies advance, and this Act is carried into effect, its execution will exercise a wholesome effect upon the rebels who are still in arms.

It is believed that by the time the cordon is fairly tightened round the rebel States, and the Southern people have had time to appreciate the discomforts of a paralysis of trade, the want of a large number of articles of prime necessity, the loss of slaves, the dread of slave insurrections, and the prospect of seeing their property confiscated, they will be ready for a reactionary movement, and "Union Southerners" who *have* some backbone will begin to develop in various spots. A smart defeat in the field would then probably end the war.

This, we take it, is the programme of the Government, as planned by Generals Scott and M'Clellan, and approved by Mr. Lincoln. We need hardly observe that its success mainly depends upon the thoroughness with which the penalties of rebellion are impressed upon the Southern mind. If we are to convert these rebels by chastisement there must be no sparing of the rod. Nothing must be neglected, consistently with the rules of warfare, which can increase the inconveniences and terrors of their position. When the war is over we shall be ready enough to forgive: just now the severest methods are the most humane.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT.

It is not too late to speak of the Message, for the Message is the programme of the policy of the Government in dealing with the rebellion; and now that public opinion has fairly expressed itself, we are better able to measure the impression produced by the Message upon the country.

It was a most difficult moment for a President to speak. But unquestionably the public confidence is confirmed by the Message; and that is, upon the whole, the highest praise of it. It is a thoroughly characteristic paper. The President is an honest, plain, shrewd magistrate. He is not a brilliant orator; he is not a great leader. He views his office as a strictly executive one, and wishes to cast responsibilities, as much as possible, upon Congress. He wishes to get as near, and keep as near, to the people as he can. If the people are right, the President will be so. If the people are wrong, the President can not make them right. No policy can be successful which is not based upon the public conviction.

The President states the condition of the country calmly and dispassionately. "I have adhered," he says, "to the Act of Congress to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes. If a new law upon the same subject shall be proposed, its propriety will be duly considered. The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed. We should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable."

These are the words of a wise magistrate. No loyal citizen, surely—no man who believes that the Government is adequate to all the objects that honorable men desire—could wish that extreme measures should be taken before they are indispensable. If it should appear that the supremacy of the Government could be restored only by putting New Orleans under water and totally destroying the other Southern ports, such measures would, of course, be taken. But nobody wishes that they should be employed until the necessity is beyond question. So, if it should appear that the Union can be preserved only by a summary emancipation and arming of the slaves, it would be an extreme measure justified by military necessity, and would unquestionably be taken; because the Government of the United States is more precious than the system of human slavery.

The President clearly contemplates the possibility of such emergencies, and he therefore takes care to express the necessity of maintaining the Government, even at such cost, in the most unreserved manner. That it is done without rhetoric or passion makes it only the more impressive. Does any intelligent man suppose that Mr. Lincoln is less firmly persuaded now than he was four years ago, when he said it, that a house divided against itself can not stand? Does any body doubt that he believes the house can be united upon the sole principle of permanent security, and that he means to do all he can as the Chief Magistrate to secure that result? His method may not seem to us the most heroic, but so long as we confide in the honesty of his purpose we shall not foolishly perplex him.

If any body supposes that Slavery is going to survive this war he seems to us not rightly to understand human nature. The military hand, which knows no rule but necessity, will loosen its roots; and the hand of law will afterward tear it up and cast it into the fire. Probably there is no man in the country who sees this more clearly than the President.

BRIGHT CHAPTERS OF OUR HISTORY.

The annual Reports from the Departments of Government are already part of our history; and it has few more glowing chapters than they write. They are the record of the spirit and power of the nation; the final, crowning testimony to the quality of the race and the character of our political system. The rebellion took us at the utmost disadvantage. It had tied the national resources head and foot, as far as it could, and it had the official control. It relied upon the long habit of peace and upon party division to compel the nation to surrender. Last winter eminent rebels—John Slidell was one of them—said that the plot was perfect and sure. The Montgomery Constitution was to be adopted; the new lawful administration set aside; New England left out, or suffered to come in only as a single State with two Senators; New York was ready, they said, to accede, for they had just read Fernando Wood's Message; there would be but little fighting, and that not serious; the Government was to be subverted, the nation betrayed, and the revolution accomplished, before the world distinctly knew what was going on.

This was the amiable Slidell's view, and Hunter's, and Davis's. The gentlemanly James M. Mason, on the 19th of February, expressed his firm persuasion and ardent desire that the Union would be and should be maintained; and the gentlemanly man, who is all honor, wrote on the 20th, to a correspondent in France, the details of the conspiracy. These people had been so long sedulously poisoning the nation that they assumed it to be paralyzed or dead. And there were honest men, too, who really feared it might be so.

On the 12th of April the rebellion began hostilities against the nation at Sumter. We had then 16,000 regular troops, mainly on the Western frontier. 75,000 volunteers for three months were called for, 78,000 immediately responded. In July 500,000 volunteers were asked for three years or the war, and the regular army was increased by 25,000 men. On the first of December we have a force of 600,000 troops; and, reckoning the three months' soldiers, the force that has responded to the call since April is more than 700,000 men. Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri were then threatened with rebellion. But they have held and been held fast to the Government.

And this is only preparation.

Turning from the land to the water, what is the naval condition and prospect of the nation?

On the 4th of March we had 12 vessels as a home squadron, and of these 4 only, mounting 25 guns, were in Northern ports; the rest, 8 vessels of 162 guns, including the *Sabine* of 50 guns, were at Pensacola, at Vera Cruz, or homeward bound from that port, all without question intended by Toucey to fall into the hands of the rebels. Our navy then counted 42 vessels, carrying 555 guns, and 7600 men. It now consists of 264 vessels, 2557 guns, and 22,000 men. The naval arm of the nation has thus far struck the heaviest blows at the rebellion. Hatteras and Port Royal are henceforth historic names.

Thus the nation that Slidell, Mason, and the other conspirators believed to be dead or hopelessly imbecile, which they supposed was dough in their hands, in seven months has created an army and navy, meanwhile maintaining every inch of the ground it occupied, and retaking parts of the insurgent section. Surely we had never fairer cause for congratulation. For it is our own vindication to ourselves. It is the justification of our system which some could not help doubting.

And have not the two Secretaries vindicated themselves also in regard to the charges of incompetency? Mr. Welles was called to the head of the Navy Department when instant and extensive action was required. He had no ships, no men, and he could do nothing but provide them as fast as possible. But human possibility can never satisfy human impatience in an emergency. There seemed to be inertness because there was delay. Because ships were not produced at every point where they were needed; because an officer of the government could not make purchases without consideration, it seemed as if nothing were doing, as if all would be lost before we raised a hand. In addition to all this, the Secretary had a long beard—consequently he was Rip Van Winkle soundly sleeping. And now behold his dreams!

Certainly not in our day have the annual Message of the President and the Reports of the Secretaries struck a key so perfectly in accordance with the spirit and intent of the Government and the honor of the nation as those which were lately published. The Union means power, and liberty, and peace.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

Now that the fury of the city election is over, every honest citizen should think a moment of the grounds upon which the late Mayor urged his re-election. For Mr. Wood will again offer himself for office, doubtless, and his conduct should be well remembered.

His speeches just before the election were the most startling that have been known in our civic affairs. He deliberately incited the worst passions of the worst men, not politically, but socially. He appealed to the most hateful prejudices, and in sheer desperation strove to array class against class, race against race, and the city against the State. This war, he said, is a war of the abolitionists against Southern men and their rights. They are very willing to spend Irish and German blood to secure a victory, and when they have secured it, they will bring the black laborer up into the North to steal the work and the bread of the honest Irish and Germans.

As for the abolition war let Dickinson and Cochrane, Bancroft and Burnside, Meagher and Corcoran answer.

As for the feeling of all loyal men toward all of any race or of any party who have taken up arms for their country, let Mr. Colfax's resolution that Slidell shall have the same treatment as Colonel Corcoran answer.

And as for Mr. Fernando Wood, who makes these charges, let the fact that he sought to play into the hands of the conspirators who have thrust Corcoran into a felon's cell answer.

Let every man stand in the daylight. Mr. Wood solicited, and will again solicit, the Irish vote. Is he then so especially endeared to Irishmen because when Corcoran refused to parade in honor of the Prince of Wales Mr. Wood was especially obsequious to him? Or does he rest his claim upon the fact that he is the fast friend of Mason and Slidell who were going to invite the aid of English bullets against our soldiers, of whom so many are Irish?

Mr. Wood has the right to choose his own course; and every body has the right to expose him. He is defeated, but he will unquestionably reappear as a candidate for some office. He will make his usual appeal to the worst passions, to the basest prejudices. Let it then be remembered that in the dark hour of national peril he sought to divide loyal men for the benefit of the enemy and for the defeat and disgrace of the very men whose especial support he demands.

It is not the least of the victories of the time that one demagogue is thoroughly exposed.

JOHN BULL GORED.

Mr. Thornton Hunt, an Englishman, son of Leigh Hunt, came to see us last spring. He was unknown, but his father was famous and beloved among us, and for his sake the son was kindly received. One day he was dining at a table with a well-known American author, and Mr. Hunt indulged in the customary flippant platitudes of John Bull when he discourses of a foreign country to its natives. After a series of remarks which showed that a man so ill-informed was totally unjustified in holding any opinion upon the subjects discussed, he remarked:

"And can you tell me why it is that all the gentlemen in this country are at the South? Really it is very extraordinary; and I wish you had not kicked up all this row, so that I can not get down among them."

"Well," slowly replied the American, "I suppose the reason must be akin to that which makes all the English gentlemen stay at home in England. We hear that there are gentlemen in England, but they never come to this country."

John Bull is a pachydermatous animal, and it is still a question whether he felt the arrow.

ZAMPILLAEROSTATION.

The nerves which survived the shock of the word Prestidigitation will doubtless preserve their equanimity under the new verbal infliction of Zampillaerostation. We have yet found no capable interpreter of the term. The Dictionary gives it up. But the dead walls of the city continue to shout it in the largest and most lurid type, and we are confidentially told that there is but one way of ascertaining what it means. It is not by persuading Dr. Johnson's ghost to rap, but by seeing the Brothers Hanlon walk upon the ropes in the sky, and hang, and leap, and dart in the dizzy empyrean.

CONFISCATION.

Mr. Trumbull's speech in the Senate upon moving a bill confiscating the property and giving freedom to the slaves of rebels is worthy the closest attention. Mr. Trumbull has been loosely called an "extreme" man; but the extremity of his speech, in that sense, it is not easy to find. The substance of his argument is this:

The Constitution furnishes all the power necessary to suppress this rebellion. Under that instrument the military power is as much subject to the control of the civil power in war as in peace. The powers under our Government are three, and the military is not one of them, but is made subject to one of them, the legislative; and when called into being by Congress, it is by the Constitution subjected to such rules as Congress may determine. When therefore an army, raised by Congress under authority of the Constitution, marches to suppress insurrection, and shoots and desolates, it is as subordinate to the civil power as it is upon a holiday parade. In the absence of any express regulation how the army is to be used, its commander could use it in the way he deemed most serviceable to the state, on the principle that every man intrusted with a duty is presumed to be invested with the power necessary to do it. When the army is thus acting the judicial tribunals have no right to interfere, because the ground of invoking the military authority is that the judicial, being overborne, is incompetent to the task; and the executive is to declare when the military arm is to be invoked. Part of the rebellious domain may, for reasons, be left under judicial control; and in such the forfeiture of property shall be subjected to the judicial power: in the other part, to the military.

The right of seizure and confiscation of enemy's property is affirmed by the Supreme Court, and its exercise is to be authorized by legislative act. The right to free slaves is equally clear with that of confiscation; for it is as property that the rebels hold them: and as one of the most efficient means of obtaining the end for which the army is summoned, the right is doubly clear.

The policy of this act is plain. If we would successfully end the war, it must be made as terrible to the enemies as to the friends of the Republic. At present, the loyal citizen in the rebellious States, if he swears allegiance to the Government, forfeits all he has; if he forswears it, his property is protected both by friend and foe. Under such a policy the path of safety for property is to put it on the road to treason.

This is the general argument of a most compact and admirable speech. The case of the slaveholding rebels is rapidly closing. If their slaves are property, of course they may be confiscated. If they are persons, of course they may be called to aid the Government in suppressing the rebellion—always supposing that we do not mean to hold up the enemy with one hand and knock him over with the other.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ALMANACK AND DIARY.

ASTRONOMICAL AND METEORILLOGICAL NOTICES.

Sun sets to Moon, *balancez*, and retire.
Morning Star, bright—one penny.

Flower Garden.—Sow shirt buttons on garden front; the prospect is fanciful, and cheering to the eye in this dull season. *To protect delicate roots from frost.*—Extract them gently from the soil (if they won't come out at first, you can entice them with a low melodious whistle like the humming of a bee). Manipulate with genuine hot water (if not marked with the signature of the firm it is spurious), rub till dry, hands across, cannon off the red, and return the lead.

Kitchen Garden.—On Monday, dig up cabbages and plant artichokes; on Tuesday, dig up artichokes and plant cabbages; and so on through the week. Cut out kidneys from kidney-beans; they make an excellent relish for breakfast, or your butcher will give you a high price for the delicacy.

House on Fire.—When your house is on fire, lie in bed and calmly reflect for half an hour what is best to be done. Having arranged your plans, prepare to put them into execution. If impracticable, calmly reflect again. Should you be unable to arrive at any decision, or should you drop off to sleep, the safest remedy in either case is to tie a silk handkerchief over your eyes and fasten yourself to the bed-post, then throw yourself out of window; the post will break your fall. Do not scream, or you may wake the neighbors—a selfish act on your part. If you follow out these directions closely, any thing further will be unnecessary.

Proverb for the Month.—"A cheerful look makes a dish a feast." Application:—Ask twelve visiting acquaintances to dinner; they arrive; kitchen fire smokes, servants in rebellion, soup in the sink, joint in the cinders; assemble your guests round the mahogany, light your chandeliers, place your best china dish in the centre of the table, and look as cheerful as possible under the circumstances; your friends' mouths will be filled with it for the next six years.

MARRY-TIME EXTRACTS.

November 8.—The *Mary Ann*, of Belgravia, was severely spoken to this morning, having been in collision with the *X. Y.*, of Brompton, with considerable damage to her bows. She had a cargo of eggs and butter.

The *Eliza Jane*, bound from Pimlico to Pillar Post, with post-office instructions, went out of her course, and ran upon the green bank by the ornamental water, St. James's Park. Got off with loss of temper.

The *Harriet*, of Hammersmith, having the *Perambulator* in tow, went upon the Suspension Bridge, and striking against a cake and apple stall, filled rapidly. The *Tommy* and *Sally*, of Battersea, grounded at the same spot, and were obliged to have a tug before they could be got off. Squally, with wet.

Arrived.—The *Dowager Countess*, screw, from the Continent. Hands put on short allowance all the way.

Departed.—The *Lady Fiora de Montmorency* for St. George's, where she will change owners.

FASHION FOR THE FIRESIDE.

TO MRS. J.

I give thee this fire-proof dress, my love.
Wearing all that attire,
It gives me the greatest distress, my love,
To see thee go near the fire.
Shouldst thou tread upon a match, and were thy drapery to catch,
Thou'dst be burned alive;
And the loss of such a wife, whom I love better than my life,
I could ne'er survive.

That muslin expanse is untrustable
Any where near a light;
But this one is incombustible,
So that it won't ignite.
And thy Crinoline may swell beyond the biggest Minster-bell;
Yet secure thou'lt be,
In a dress that can't inflame, from a death that I may name,
Premature Suttee.

Jones.

TALES OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

"Sarah, my dear, I know of a chimney (though stopping at present in a lodging-house, it is one of very high ascent) that is so extremely well brought up that, though it has been an inveterate, and, we may say, an incurable smoker all its life, yet no sooner does it see a lady enter the room than it says, in a voice as sweet as a tea-kettle's, 'I hope my smoke isn't disagreeable to you, Ma'rm?' And if the lady says 'as how it is,' and begins coughing to prove it so—then the chimney, without waiting to be blown up, or hauled over the coals, or put out, as all smokers in the presence of ladies certainly deserve being done unto, does not give another blessed puff, but goes out instantly of its own accord! There, you wouldn't believe it, but I tell you it's a fact."

Observation (made by Sarah, an elderly Lady). "Yes, my dear, and there's many a young gentleman of the present day who might follow the example of that excellent chimney with the very best advantage!"

[*Left speaking.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, 3d, in the Senate, a resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Dupont, and the officers, seamen, and marines serving under him, for the "decisive and splendid victory achieved at Port Royal," was offered, but laid aside until the formation of the standing committees. The Vice-President was authorized to fill the vacancies in the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, occasioned by the death of Senator Douglas and the expulsion of Senator Mason, of Virginia.——In the House, Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, presented the credentials of Mr. Clemens, representative-elect from the Fourth district of that State. The case was referred to the Committee on Elections. Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, offered a resolution expelling Henry C. Burnett, of Kentucky. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, made a speech on the question, in which he recapitulated the acts of the rebels to force Kentucky out of the Union, and concluded with the prediction that before the 20th of December not a hostile foot of a rebel will be found treading the soil of Kentucky. The resolution expelling Mr. Burnett was adopted, and the payment of whatever salary may be due him was ordered.

On Wednesday, 4th, in the Senate, a resolution expelling John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, now an officer in the rebel army, was adopted by a vote of yeas 36, nays none. Senator Hale submitted a resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the present Supreme Court, and organizing another Supreme Court, which will meet the requirements of the Constitution. Senator Wilson introduced a resolution providing for the release of slaves confined in prison in Washington. Referred to the Committee on District of Columbia Affairs. On motion of Senator Wilson the same Committee were directed to consider the question of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, allowing compensation to loyal owners of slaves. Senator Saulsbury proposed the appointment of a commission to confer with a like number of commissioners from the so-called Confederate States, with a view to the restoration of peace. Laid on the table.——In the House, Mr. Gurley gave notice of a bill to confiscate and declare free the slaves of rebels, also providing for their apprenticeship to loyal masters, and subsequent colonization. Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire as to the practicability and expediency of acquiring, in a "congenial clime" on any part of this continent, or on the adjacent islands south of the United States, a right to colonize and protect free negroes who may emigrate thereto. Adopted. Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio, asked leave to introduce a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but objection was made by Mr. Cox, of Ohio. A resolution requesting the President to adopt measures for an exchange of prisoners of war was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, introduced a preamble and resolutions reaffirming the Crittenden declaration as to the cause and object of the war, which, on motion of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, were laid on the table by a vote of 71 against 65. A bill was introduced providing for the restoration of Alexandria County, Virginia, to the District of Columbia.

On Thursday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Rice, of Minnesota, asked and obtained leave to record his vote in favor of the expulsion of the traitor Breckinridge. Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, introduced his bill for confiscating the property and giving freedom to the slaves of rebels. In a long speech in support of the measure, Senator Trumbull recapitulated the main points of the bill. The bill was ordered to be printed and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, gave notice of an amendment to the Fugitive Slave law. The Senate then went into executive session.——In the House, the standing committees were announced by the Speaker. Mr. Gurley, of Ohio, offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire as to whether a censorship over the telegraphic dispatches of the press had been established. Mr. Blair's project of colonizing negroes in Central America was adopted in Committee of the Whole, then rejected by the House, but subsequently referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Lovejoy introduced a bill repealing all laws requiring passes of negroes going Northward to take effect immediately. It was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, December 10, in the Senate, several petitions were presented, calling for legislation upon the subject of the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, all of which were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Senator Clark offered a resolution requesting the Marshal of the District to inform the Senate by what authority refractory slaves belonging in the District were imprisoned, which was agreed to. Senator Hale's resolution for abolishing the present Supreme Court and establishing another was taken up and discussed by Senators Foster and Browning. A resolution inquiring into the causes of the disasters to our army at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff was offered by Senator Chandler, which took a wide range, Senator Sherman stating that the inquiry should not be confined to the disasters, but the whole conduct of the war should be inquired into. The resolution was passed.——In the House of Representatives a preamble and resolution were adopted requesting the President to inaugurate a system for the exchange of prisoners with the rebels. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, introduced a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to revoke so much of the recent orders of General Halleck as prohibited fugitive slaves from taking refuge within the lines of our various encampments in Missouri. The Committee on Foreign Relations were instructed to inquire into the expediency of furnishing relief to the famine-stricken people of Ireland. Two or three bills in relation to the liberation of slaves were introduced. The Ways and Means Committee were instructed to devise some plan for the better equalization of the operations of the tariff and direct tax. Various other matters, of more or less interest, received attention at the hands of the House. Secretary Chase's report was received and referred.

REPORT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

The Report of the Secretary of War gives a history of the operations of the army during the year, and presents the following estimate of the strength of the army, both volunteers and regulars:

States.	Volunteers.		
	Three Months.	For the War.	Aggregate.
California	—	4,688	4,688
Connecticut	2,236	12,400	14,636
Delaware	775	2,000	2,775
Illinois	4,941	80,000	84,941
Indiana	4,686	57,332	62,018
Iowa	968	19,800	20,768
Kentucky	—	15,000	15,000
Maine	768	14,239	15,007
Maryland	—	7,000	7,000
Massachusetts	3,435	26,760	30,195
Michigan	781	28,550	29,331
Minnesota	—	4,160	4,160
Missouri	9,356	22,130	31,486
New Hampshire	779	9,600	10,379
New Jersey	3,068	9,342	12,410
New York	10,188	100,200	110,388
Ohio	10,236	81,205	91,441
Pennsylvania	19,199	94,760	113,959
Rhode Island	1,285	5,898	7,183
Vermont	780	8,000	8,780
Virginia	779	12,000	12,779
Wisconsin	792	14,153	14,945
Kansas	—	5,000	5,000
Colorado	—	1,000	1,000
Nebraska	—	2,500	2,500
Nevada	—	1,000	1,000
New Mexico	—	1,000	1,000
District of Columbia	2,823	1,000	3,823
Total	77,875	640,637	718,512

—To the number of volunteers for the war, 640,637, add the estimated strength of the regular army, including the new enlistments, under the Act of July 29, 1861, which is 20,334, and our entire military force now in the field will be 660,971; the several arms of the service being distributed as follows:

	Volunteers.	Regulars.	Aggregate.
Infantry	557,208	11,175	568,383
Cavalry	54,654	4,744	59,398
Artillery	20,380	4,308	24,688
Rifles and Sharp-shooters	8,395	—	8,395
Engineers	—	107	107
Total	640,637	20,334	660,971

—For the ensuing year appropriations are asked for 500,000 men.

REPORT OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy furnishes a comprehensive statement of the condition of this branch of the service, and of its operations since last July. When the vessels now building and purchased of every class are armed, equipped, and ready for service, the strength of the navy will be:

OLD NAVY.

Number of Vessels.	Guns.	Tonnage.
6 Ships-of-line	504	16,094
7 Frigates	350	12,104
17 Sloops	342	16,031
2 Brigs	12	539
3 Store-ships	7	342
6 Receiving-ships, etc.	106	6,340
6 Screw frigates	222	21,460
6 First-class screw sloops	109	11,953
4 First-class side-wheel steam sloops	46	8,003
8 Second-class screw sloops	45	7,593
5 Third-class screw sloops	28	2,405
4 Third-class side-wheel steamers	8	1,808
2 Steam tenders	4	599
76	1783	105,271

VESSELS PURCHASED.

	Guns.	Tons.
36 Side-wheel steamers	166	26,680
43 Screw steamers	175	20,403
13 Ships	52	9,998
24 Schooners	49	5,324
18 Barks	78	8,432
2 Brigs	4	460
136	518	71,297

VESSELS CONSTRUCTED.

	Guns.	Tons.
14 Screw sloops	98	16,787
23 Gun-boats	99	11,661
12 Side-wheel steamers	40	8,400
3 Iron-clad steamers	18	4,600
52	256	41,448

—Making a total of 264 vessels, 2557 guns, and 218,016 tons. The aggregate number of seamen in the service on the 4th of March last was 7600. The number is now not less than 22,000. The amount appropriated at the last regular session of Congress for the naval service of the current fiscal year was $13,168,675; to this was added at the special session of last July $30,446,876—making an aggregate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, of $43,615,551. To this must be added:

For vessels purchased and alterations to fit them for service	$2,530,000
For the purchase of additional vessels	2,000,000
For 20 iron-clad vessels	12,000,000
	$16,530,000
Add previous appropriations	43,615,551
Total for year ending June 30, 1862	$60,145,551

—The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, are as follows:

For the navy proper	$41,096,530
For the marine corps	1,105,657
For miscellaneous objects	2,423,478
Total for fiscal year ending June 30, 1863	$44,625,665

THE EXPEDITION DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Another naval and military expedition is about to start from St. Louis and Cairo, under the direction of General Halleck and Commodore Foote, comprising a force of from eighty to a hundred thousand men. The destination of this grand expedition and its points of attack will undoubtedly be Columbus, Kentucky; Forts Wright, Randolph, and Harris, in Tennessee, and possibly the city of Memphis.

A BATTLE IN EAST TENNESSEE.

Parson Brownlow has met the rebels in East Tennessee in battle, and defeated them. They acknowledge it. A dispatch in the Memphis papers of the 2d instant states that on the 1st, Sunday, Brownlow, at the head of 3000 Union troops, attacked the enemy at Morristown, Tennessee, and was signally victorious. Even this rebel dispatch calls it a Union victory. No further particulars are known.

BANKS AND ROSECRANS IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

General Banks has taken up his winter-quarters at Frederick, Maryland. He was received there with great apparent enthusiasm by the inhabitants, and located himself in the residence of Colonel Bradley J. Johnson, of the rebel army. There are no signs of the rebels between Harper's Ferry and Point of Rocks, where Colonel Geary's command is keeping a vigilant look-out for them.

General Rosecrans and his staff arrived at Wheeling last week to take up their winter-quarters. The General has been offered his choice of several rebel residences for his winter home. It is probable that the campaign in Western Virginia is therefore at an end for the present.

FUGITIVE SLAVES NOT TO BE RETURNED.

An order from the Secretary of State to General M'Clellan reaffirms the position of the act of Congress of August last, in reference to slaves employed in hostile services against the Government, who may escape within our military lines. Such hostile employment absolves them from any further claim to service or labor, and brings them within military protection, and those who would arrest them as fugitives should themselves be immediately arrested by the military authorities.

COTTON TO BE SHIPPED BY GOVERNMENT.

An order issued by the Secretary of the Treasury relative to the seizure of property in disloyal States by the National forces has been published. It provides, in brief, that there shall be agents appointed in the different places conquered by our arms, who shall secure and prepare for market the cotton, rice, and such other products as may be seized, and that the naval and military authorities shall aid in this work. Slaves—or in the euphemism of the Secretary—"persons held to service for life under State laws"—may be employed by the agents, and will be organized for systematized labor, in securing and preparing for market their products. Pay-rolls will be prepared, and a just compensation allowed to these laborers, the amount to be fixed by the agent, and approved by the military commandant and the Secretary of the Treasury. An inventory of all stock and a record of all products taken will be carefully made by the agents and officers. The cotton and other goods will be shipped to this city for market, and accounts will be settled by the Secretary of the Treasury. The agents must so transact business that as little injury as possible may accrue to loyal citizens, or those who within reasonable time may assume the character of loyal citizens.

IMPORTANT ORDER FROM GENERAL HALLECK.

Major-General Halleck has issued an important order to his commanding officers in Missouri, directing them to arrest and hold in confinement every one found in arms against the Government, or those who, in any way, give aid to the rebels; and ordering that all persons found within the lines of the army, in disguise as loyal citizens, and giving information to the enemy, and all those taken from the ranks of the rebels in actual service, shall not be treated as prisoners of war, but as spies, and shall be shot. He further orders that the Provost Marshals of St. Louis shall take in charge the numbers of Union families who are crowding into that city—having been plundered and driven from their homes by the rebels—and quarter them upon avowed secessionists, charging the expense of their board to them, on the ground that, although they have not themselves plundered and driven forth these unfortunate people, they are giving aid and comfort to those who have done so.

FOREIGN NEWS.

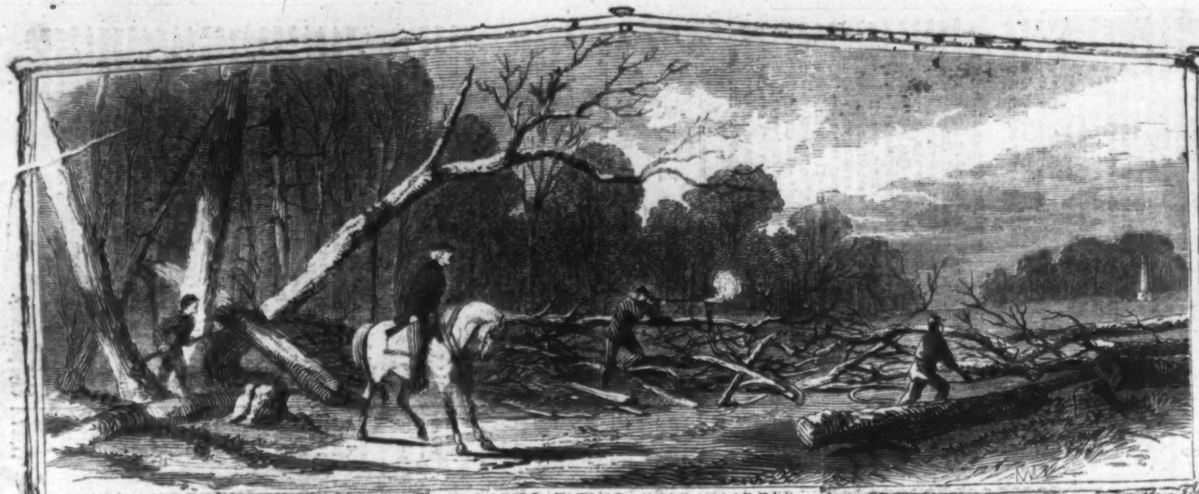
ENGLAND.

RUMORED DECISION OF THE MASON-SLIDELL CASE.

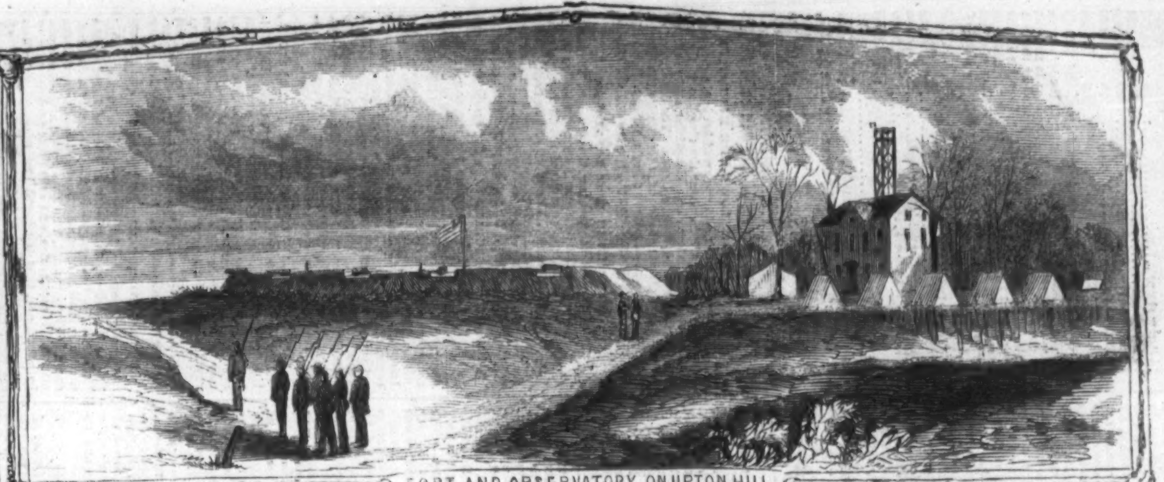
When the *Africa* left England rumors were afloat that the *James Adger* had gone out with the intention of forcibly taking Messrs. Mason and Slidell from the British mail steamer, even in an English port, and the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, a reliable journal, asserts that the law officers of England had decided that United States officials had a perfect and legal right to seize a mail steamer knowingly conveying such contrabands, even in the harbors of Great Britain. The case would, it was thought, be taken into the courts for argument. It was also stated that a British Admiralty Council, which was attended by the leading members of the Cabinet, had been held on the subject.

THE "NASHVILLE" IN ENGLAND.

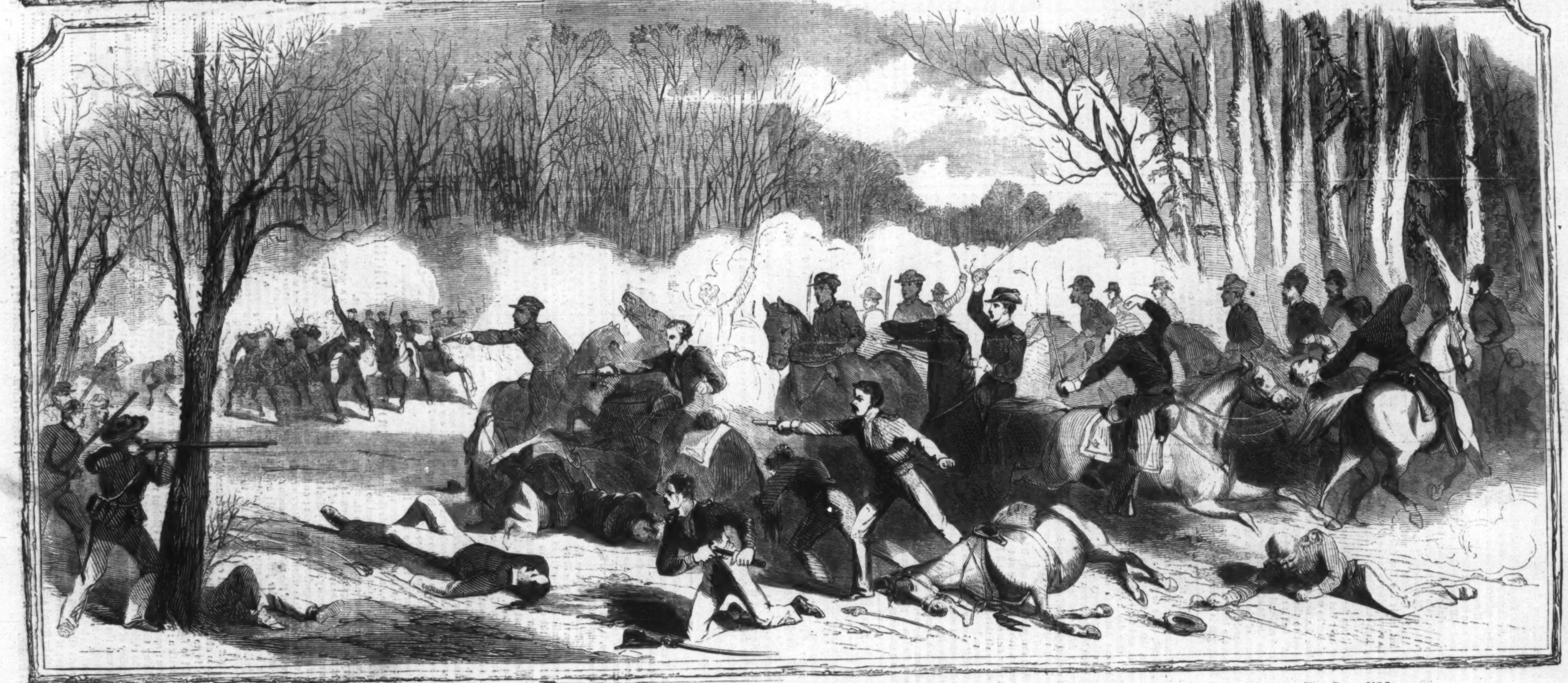
The rebel steamer *Nashville*, Commander Pegram, arrived at Southampton, England, on 21st of November, and was duly received by the authorities as a war vessel commissioned for a special service by a belligerent power. Captain Pegram himself published the particulars of the overhauling and destruction of the ship *Harvey Birch* near the mouth of the British Channel, exhibited his commission from Jefferson Davis, and gave up the captain and crew of the *Harvey Birch* immediately to the charge of the United States Consul in Southampton. Such of the crew of the *Harvey Birch* as refused to make a declaration not to attempt any violence on board the *Nashville* were put in irons by Captain Pegram. Captain Nelson, the commander of the *Harvey Birch*, had published a protest in the English papers against the acts of the rebel officers. Mr. Peyton, a rebel Commissioner to Europe, and his wife, were landed from the *Nashville*, and had, with Captains Pegram and Nelson, gone to London—the first-named parties to communicate with Mr. Yancey, and Captain Nelson to see Mr. Adams. The affair produced intense excitement in the commercial, financial, and political circles of England, but the impression seemed to be general in favor of sheltering the *Nashville* for refit and supplies, just as the Union vessel *James Adger* had been treated a few days previously.



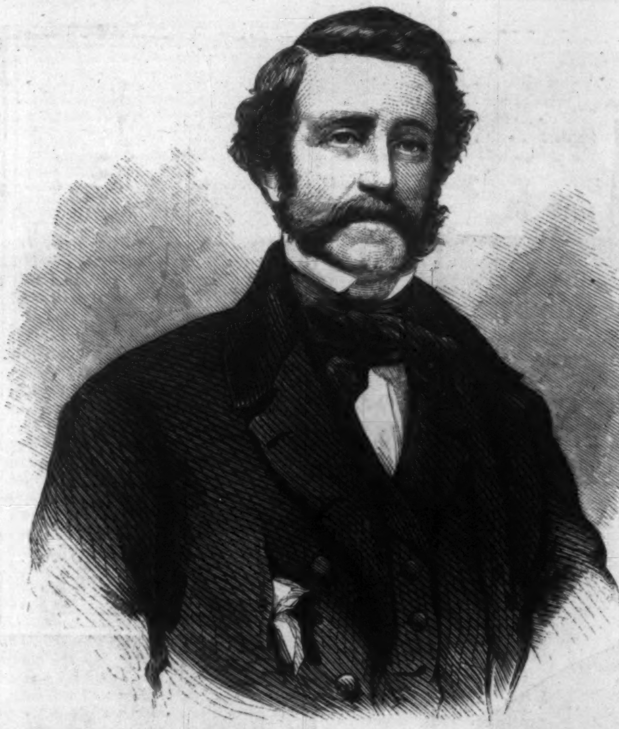
PICKETS FIRING NEAR FAIRFAX.



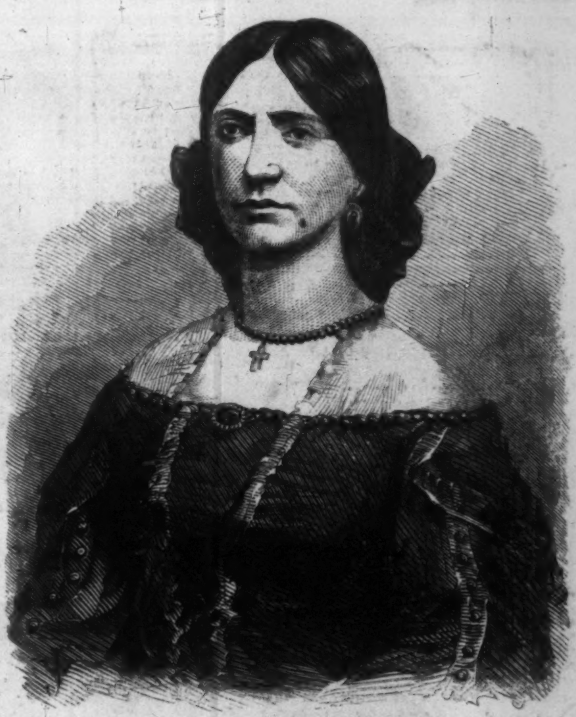
FORT AND OBSERVATORY ON UPTON HILL



SKIRMISH NEAR HUNTER'S MILL, VIRGINIA, BETWEEN TWO COMPANIES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY AND A LARGE FORCE OF REBELS.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 807.]



HONORABLE GEORGE OPDYKE, MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



MISS BROWNLOW, PARSON BROWNLOW'S DAUGHTER.

HON. GEORGE OPDYKE, MAYOR ELECT.

WE publish on this page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the Hon. GEORGE OPDYKE, Mayor Elect of New York.

Mr. Opdyke is a native of this city and about forty-one years of age. In early life he went to New Orleans, and learned the trade of a tailor, which he followed for some years, growing rich enough to open a large dry-goods store. He eventually retired from business in New Orleans with a handsome fortune, which he has since increased here. On his establishment here, he devoted his attention to politics, and was elected to the Assembly from this city. Two years ago he ran for Mayor and was defeated; he has just been elected after one of the closest contests that ever took place in the city. Mr. Opdyke is engaged in the dry-goods trade, and is understood to be a millionaire.

MISS BROWNLOW.

IN connection with the recent fight at Morristown, Tennessee, where the rebels, according to their own accounts, were badly beaten, we publish a portrait of MISS BROWNLOW, the daughter of the intrepid Parson Brownlow, of Knoxville, Tennessee. She is as brave as her father, and as devoted to the Union. We can give her no higher praise than this. When a mob of secessionists attacked her father's house in his absence and insisted on the Union flag being hauled down from where it floated, this young lady seized a rifle and told them she would defend it with her life. The first who approached would be shot. They threatened her for some time, and tried in every way to frighten her. But she was firm, and after a time the ruffians withdrew, leaving the flag still flying. This noble girl will doubtless be heard of again in the course of the war in Tennessee.

"WORK'S OVER."

WE give the above title to the series of "contraband" sketches which are reproduced on page 801. Our special artist at Hilton Head—the author of the sketches—thus writes us concerning them:

"We have made use of the contraband in so many different employments, that I find it necessary to send to you a series of sketches to illustrate his value. Upon our landing at Hilton Head a lack of good oarsmen was found seriously to deter our rapid progress in landing. Soon the negroes flocked in, and I assure you that I have seen few better oarsmen. Captain Fuller at once manned his little Whitehall boat with them, dressing them in the man-of-war style, which is exceedingly picturesque. Again, in *landing*, the slope of the shore being very gradual, it was found necessary to have some one to back off the passengers; at once the contrabands filled the *need*. They are invaluable as foragers, bringing in the different fruits, game, etc.

"Their head-quarters are directly back of those formerly occupied by Gen. Wright, of which you had a sketch; here are congregated a small village of these happy mortals, jolly ever, and willing to work.

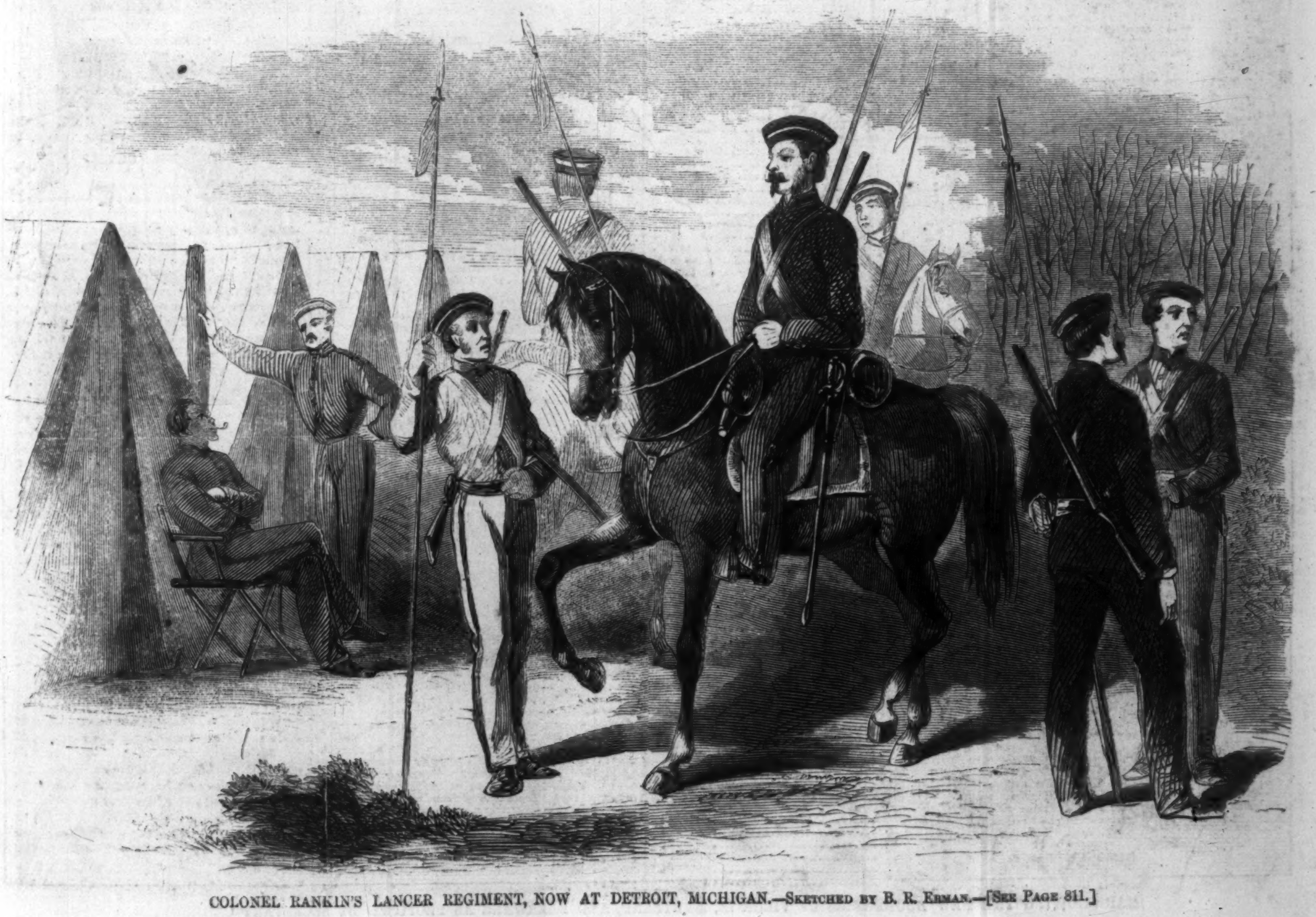
"Aunt Chloe is a brisk sample of ebony, who is the general head-cracker of the settlement, the terror of all juvenile darkeys and admiration of the elder.

"The extensive earth-works that have been thrown up, and which their hands have done well their share of work, are almost monuments of the willing work of a paid negro.

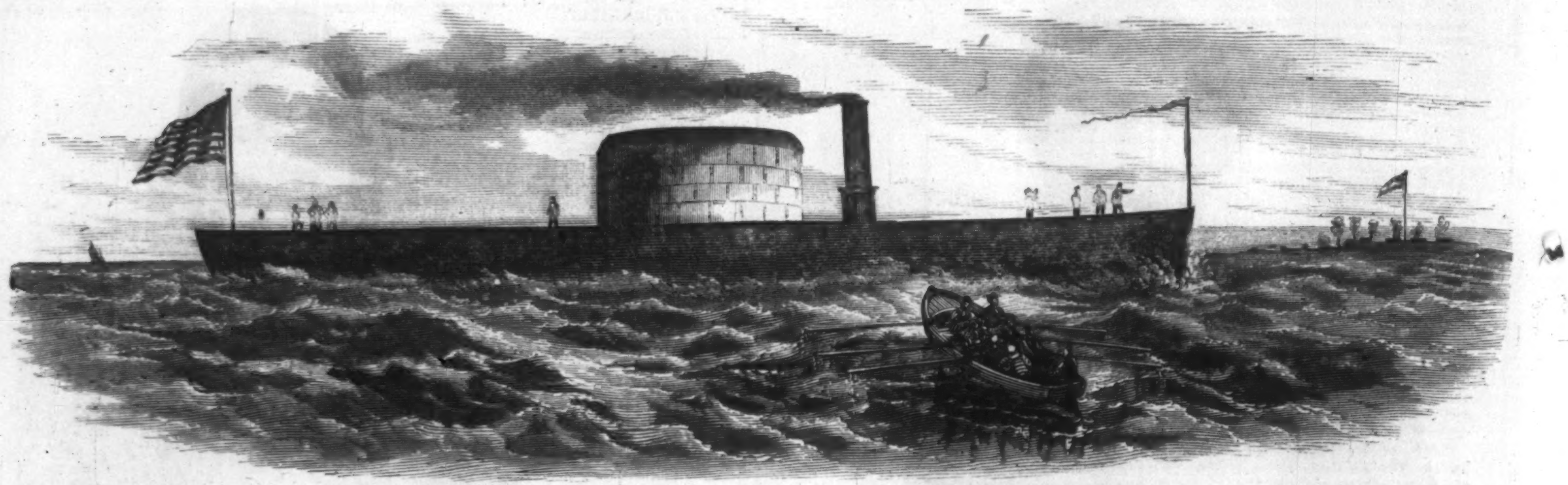
"Uncle Sam, a fine specimen of the African race, is the overseer of General Drayton's plantation, and one of the best-natured boys that we have. He is the general forager for the mess, and is never back in woods without an abundant return."

Of the real condition of the slaves, a correspondent of the *Times* says: "The efforts of the masters to carry off the slaves have been in nearly every case abortive. No love for masters, no fear of their cruelty, no apprehension of the Yankees has been sufficient to alarm the blacks. They all look upon us as friends; and where they do not come within our lines, say that all that restrains them is the dislike of leaving their families and the 'tings'—their little property. They have a cat-like clinging to their old quarters, and do not generally manifest any desire to quit them. When they have fled in large numbers, it has been always toward our lines, but so far as I can learn it has been because of the efforts of their masters to take them off. This they resist, but they manifest no peculiarly vindictive spirit. They complain of bad treatment, but I can not learn that they display any desire to revenge themselves. They chuckle, indeed, with infinite glee over Southern disasters; they tell of the lies they told their former owners, of their pretenses to love them, of their forced obedience; they believe in the power of the Unionists to overthrow the Southern rule; they are willing to act as guides or scouts (occasionally), to work; to give all information; and the more intelligent they are the readier to aid us. But unless provoked by the foolish attempts of the rebels to carry them off, I doubt whether they will attempt any injury to the persons of the whites. The plundering indeed presages evil, but if the rebels set the example by firing their own cotton-houses, they need not be surprised to find it imitated. If they persist in their attempts at forcibly restraining the slaves and in firing at them, the worst consequences are likely to follow."

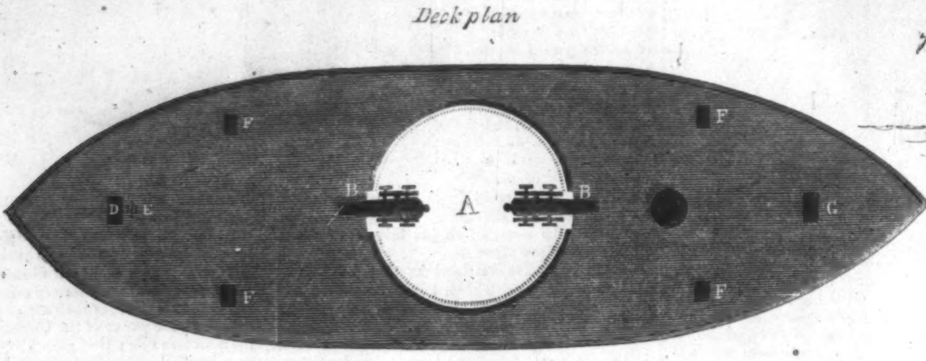
Some writers from Port Royal have stated that the negroes will not work, but that when work is offered them they will fly to the woods. This is indignantly denied by other writers, and by several officers of the expedition, who state that the contrabands work willingly and ably. It would not be surprising if poor Sambo, after a dozen generations of slavery, should want to celebrate his sudden emancipation by a brief holiday.



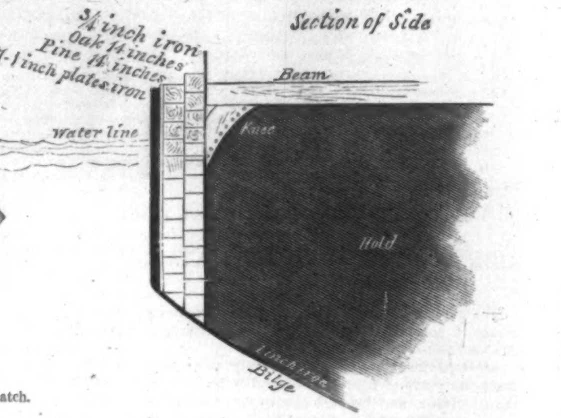
COLONEL RANKIN'S LANCER REGIMENT, NOW AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—SKETCHED BY B. R. ERMAN.—[SEE PAGE 811.]



THE ERICSSON STEEL-CLAD BATTERY, NOW BUILDING AT GREEN POINT, LONG ISLAND.


Deck plan
A
B
B
D
E
F
F
F
F
G

A, Revolving Battery.—B, 12-inch Shell Guns.—C, Smoke Stack.—D, Propeller Scuttle.—E, Steering Wheel.—F, Hatchways.—G, Forecastle Hatch.


Section of Side
3/4 inch iron
Oak 14 inches
Pine 14 inches
7-1 inch plates iron
Beam
Water line
Knee
Hold
1 inch iron
Bilge

THE ERICSSON STEEL-PLATED BATTERY.

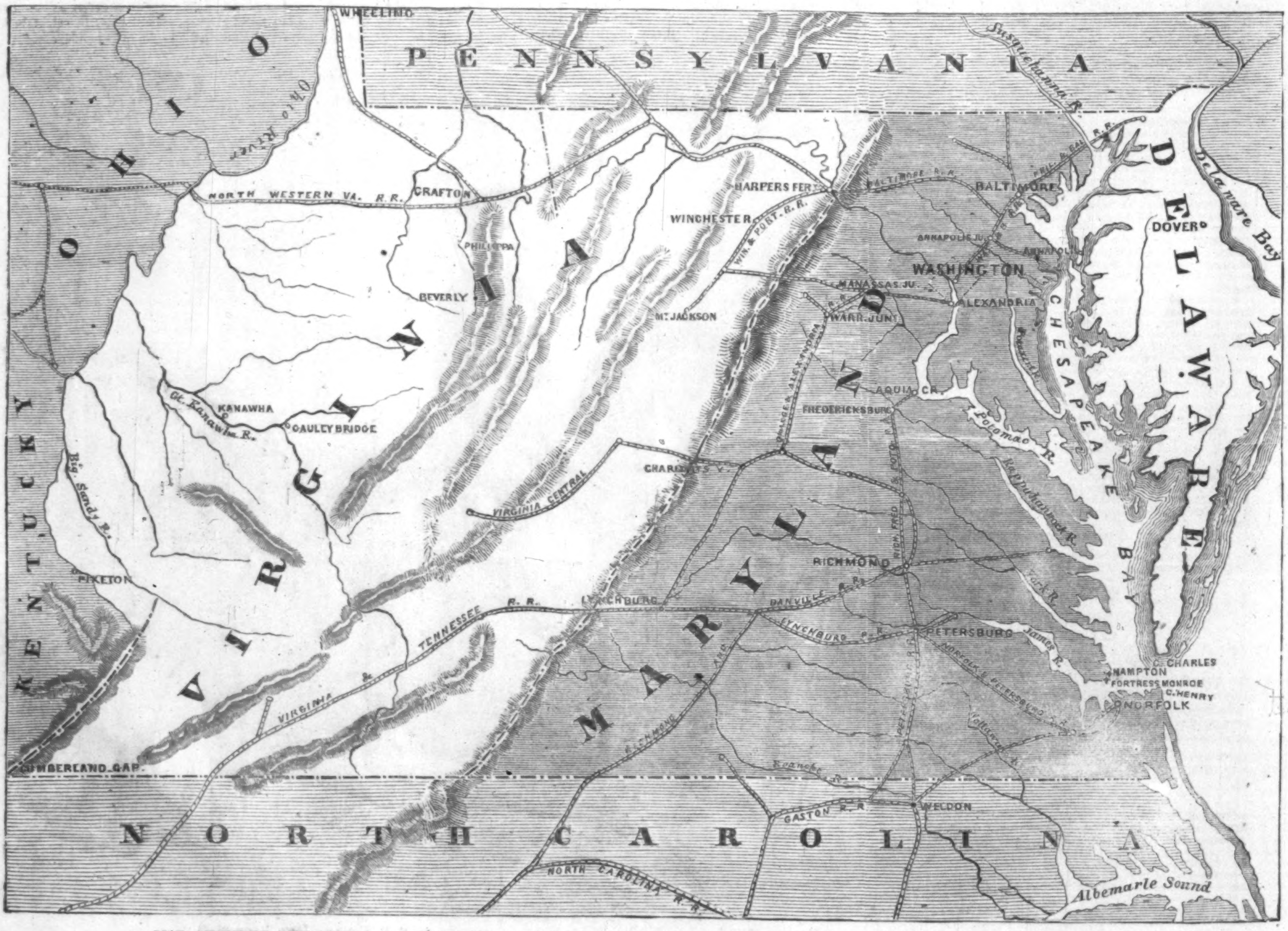
The Ericsson Battery, a sketch of which will be found on this page, is now in process of construction at the Continental Iron Works at Green Point, Long Island. She will be launched in the course of a few days. She is about 200 feet in length, with 36 feet beam and 11 feet depth of hold. Her hull is built of iron, and to protect her sides she is covered with a layer of oak 14 inches in thickness, another layer of pine 14 inches in thickness, the whole being plated with seven plates of one inch iron, making her shot-proof. A revolving fort, which contains two 12-inch guns, is placed upon the deck near the centre. This fort, or bomb-proof, is eight inches in thickness. The diameter of the fort is 20 feet inside, and it is 10 feet in height. She will be propelled by a powerful Ericsson engine. She is one of the most novel and interesting pieces of naval architecture constructed in this country. For proper reasons we forbear to give very full details in relation to this vessel, as we do not desire to give the rebels any information on such matters.

Other iron-clad vessels are being built at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Mystic, Connecticut. By next summer we shall have several afloat.

OUR NEW MAPS.

We continue in this Number the series of War Maps, which have been so marked a feature of this journal since the war began. On this page we give a map showing the proposed reconstruction of the States of Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. This can be best understood by reference to the following extract from the Report of the Secretary of War:

> The geographical position of the metropolis of the nation, menaced by the rebels, and required to be defended by thousands of our troops, induces me to suggest for consideration the propriety and expediency of a reconstruction of the boundaries of the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. Wisdom and true statesmanship would dictate that the seat of the National Government, for all time to come, should be placed beyond reasonable danger of seizure by enemies within, as well as from capture by foes from without. By agreement between the States named, such as was effected, for similar purposes, by Michigan and Ohio, and by Missouri and Iowa, their boundaries could be so changed as to render the capital more remote than at present from the influence of State governments which have arrayed themselves in rebellion against the Federal authority. To this end, the limits of Virginia might be so altered as to make her boundaries consist of the Blue Ridge on the east and Pennsylvania on the north, leaving those on the south and west as at present. By this arrangement two counties of Maryland (Alleghany and Washington) would be transferred to the jurisdiction of Virginia. All that portion of Virginia which lies between the Blue Ridge and Chesapeake Bay could then be added to Maryland, while


PENNSYLVANIA
OHIO
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
MARYLAND
DELAWARE
NORTH CAROLINA
WHEELING
Ohio River
NORTH WESTERN VA. R.R.
GRAFTON
PHILIPPA
BEVERLY
KANAWHA
Gt. Kanawha R.
GAULEY BRIDGE
Big Sandy R.
PIKETON
CUMBERLAND GAP
VIRGINIA & TENNESSEE R.R.
VIRGINIA CENTRAL
LYNCHBURG
CHARLOTTESVILLE
HARPERS FERRY
WINCHESTER
MT. JACKSON
MANASSAS JU.
WARR. JUN.
WASHINGTON
ALEXANDRIA
BALTIMORE
ANNAPOLIS
DOVER
AQUIA CR.
FREDERICKSBURG
RICHMOND
DANVILLE R.R.
PETERSBURG
Roanoke R.
GASTON R.R.
WELDON
NORTH CAROLINA R.R.
Susquehanna R.
Delaware Bay
CHESAPEAKE BAY
Potomac R.
Rappahannock R.
York R.
James R.
C. CHARLES
HAMPTON
FORTRESS MONROE
C. HENRY
NORFOLK
Albemarle Sound

MAP SHOWING THE NEW BOUNDARIES OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND DELAWARE AS PROPOSED BY SECRETARY CAMERON.

that portion of the peninsula between the waters of the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, now jointly held by Maryland and Virginia, could be incorporated into the State of Delaware. A reference to the map will show that these are great natural boundaries, which, for all time to come, would serve to mark the limits of these States.

To make the protection of the capital complete, in consideration of the large accession of territory which Maryland would receive under the arrangement proposed, it would be necessary that the State should consent to modify her Constitution as to limit the basis of her representation to her white population.

In this connection, it would be the part of wisdom to reannex to the District of Columbia that portion of its original limits which by act of Congress was retroceded to the State of Virginia.

This arrangement would reduce the size of the State of Virginia at least one-half, leaving the name of Virginia to that part only which is now mainly loyal. The disloyal section, comprising all the great cities of Virginia—Richmond, Norfolk, Fredericksburg, Lynchburg, etc.—and all the sea-coast, would be annexed to Maryland, while Delaware would rise, by spreading over the whole peninsula between the Chesapeake and the ocean, to be a State of considerable magnitude. Under this reconstruction Maryland would become one of the three great States of the Union. We need hardly direct attention to the clause in the Secretary's report which hints that emancipation in Maryland must be the price paid for this acquisition of territory.

On this page we give a full and elaborate map of Tennessee, which, from all appearances, is destined to be the seat of war in the West. Our map shows the railway bridges broken in Eastern Tennessee by the Union men; the city of Nashville, which, according to some authorities, is destined to be the rebel capital; the city of Memphis, near which, in all probability, the bloodiest battle of the war will be fought; and all other sites and places of interest in the State. Our artist writes as follows of this map:

The bridges burned by the Union men of Eastern Tennessee were two bridges over Chicamanga Creek below Chattanooga, one fine bridge on the Eastern Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, over the Hiwassee River at Charleston, Tennessee; also two bridges on the Eastern Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, one of which over the Holston River at Union, near the Virginia line, was destroyed, the other, over Lick Creek, between Russellville and Greenville, was but partially burned and has been repaired.

A railroad bridge over the Tennessee River in the western part of the State has recently been completed, and there is now uninterrupted railroad communication between Nashville and the Mississippi River at Columbus and Memphis.

Morristown, where the reported victory of Parson Brownlow occurred, is on the Eastern Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. There is another place of this name, simply a post-office in Granger County, about 15 miles north of the railroad.

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

OUR attentive Washington correspondent has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on page 804. One of them represents the OBSERVATORY AND EARTHWORK ON UPTON'S HILL; another, an "AFFAIR OF PICKETS" on the road to Fairfax Court House, over the abattis placed in the road by the rebels; and a third, the late CAVALRY SKIRMISH near Vienna.

The following account of the cavalry skirmish near Vienna, from the Washington *Star*, will serve to explain the illustration:

The reconnoissance made yesterday by a squadron of the Third Pennsylvania regiment, consisting of companies F and N, under command of Captain Bell, in the neighborhood of Vienna, resulted disastrously to our forces. After reaching Vienna they took the right-hand road toward Hunter's Mill, and had gone about a mile and a half when they suddenly found themselves hemmed in on three sides by not only a superior force of cavalry, but also of infantry. The discharges of the rebel musketry placed the horses of our cavalry beyond the control of their riders, the animals having been but recently brought into service, and therefore unaccustomed to such alarms. The officers, after several ineffectual attempts to get their men in line for the purpose of making a charge, ordered a retreat, which was effected in as good order as the peculiar circumstances permitted.

The skirmish was brisk, though of short duration, the rebel cavalry firing buckshot from their carbines. The number of rebels killed and wounded is not known. John Beatty, private in Company N, killed a rebel officer and captured his horse. The mark on the saddle was D. S. Davis, Ridgeway, North Carolina.

Better fortune attended our arms on the occasion of Colonel Bayard's cavalry reconnoissance near Dranesville. The Colonel himself tells the story so briefly that we give his report in full:

CAMP PIERPONT, VIRGINIA, *Nov.* 27, 1861.

SIR,—In obedience to orders, I started from this camp yesterday with my regiment at nine o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of marching on Dranesville. We reached positions above and behind Dranesville shortly after five in the morning, after a very tedious and toilsome march. Major Barrows advanced on the town by the northern pike which leads to it with two companies of the regiment, while I with the other eight gained the rear of the town, and advanced by the Leesburg pike. There were but two picketmen in the town. These were cavalrymen belonging to Colonel J. E. B. Stuart's regiment of Virginia horse, and were captured, with their horses and arms, by Captain Stadelman's Company B. I arrested six of the citizens of Dranesville, who are known to be secessionists of the bitterest stamp. The names of the citizens taken are as follows: John F. Day, M.D., of Dranesville; R. H. Gannell, of Great Falls, Virginia; John T. D. Bue and C. W. Coleman, of Dranesville; W. B. Day, M.D., of Dranesville; and J. B. Fair.

Upon my return, some miles from Dranesville, a fire was opened upon the head of the column from a thick pine wood. Assistant-Surgeon Alexander was seriously wounded, and private Joel Houghteling was badly wounded, and I had my horse killed. The wood was instantly surrounded, and the carbineers sent into the woods. We killed two and captured four, one of whom was shot twice, and is not likely to live. I captured two good horses, five shot-guns, one Hall's rifle, and two pistols.

The names of the prisoners are as follows: W. D. Farley, First Lieutenant South Carolina Volunteers (was Captain on General Bonham's staff); F. De Carandene, Lieutenant Seventh South Carolina Volunteers; P. W. Casper, Seventh South Carolina Volunteers; Thomas Coleman, citizen of Dranesville (dangerously wounded); F. Hildebrand, private Thirtieth Virginia cavalry; A. M. Whitten, private Thirtieth Virginia cavalry (taken at Dranesville on picket). We killed or captured all we saw.

I can not close this report without speaking of the splendid manner in which both men and officers behaved. The fine manner in which Majors Jones and Bayard, and the Second Lieutenant of the Fifth cavalry, Mr. Barrows, acted, can not be too highly commended or appreciated. All acted well, and I can not but thus publicly express my admiration for their truly admirable behavior.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. D. BAYARD,
Colonel First Pennsylvania Cavalry.

MAJOR-GENERAL M'CALL, Commanding Division, etc.

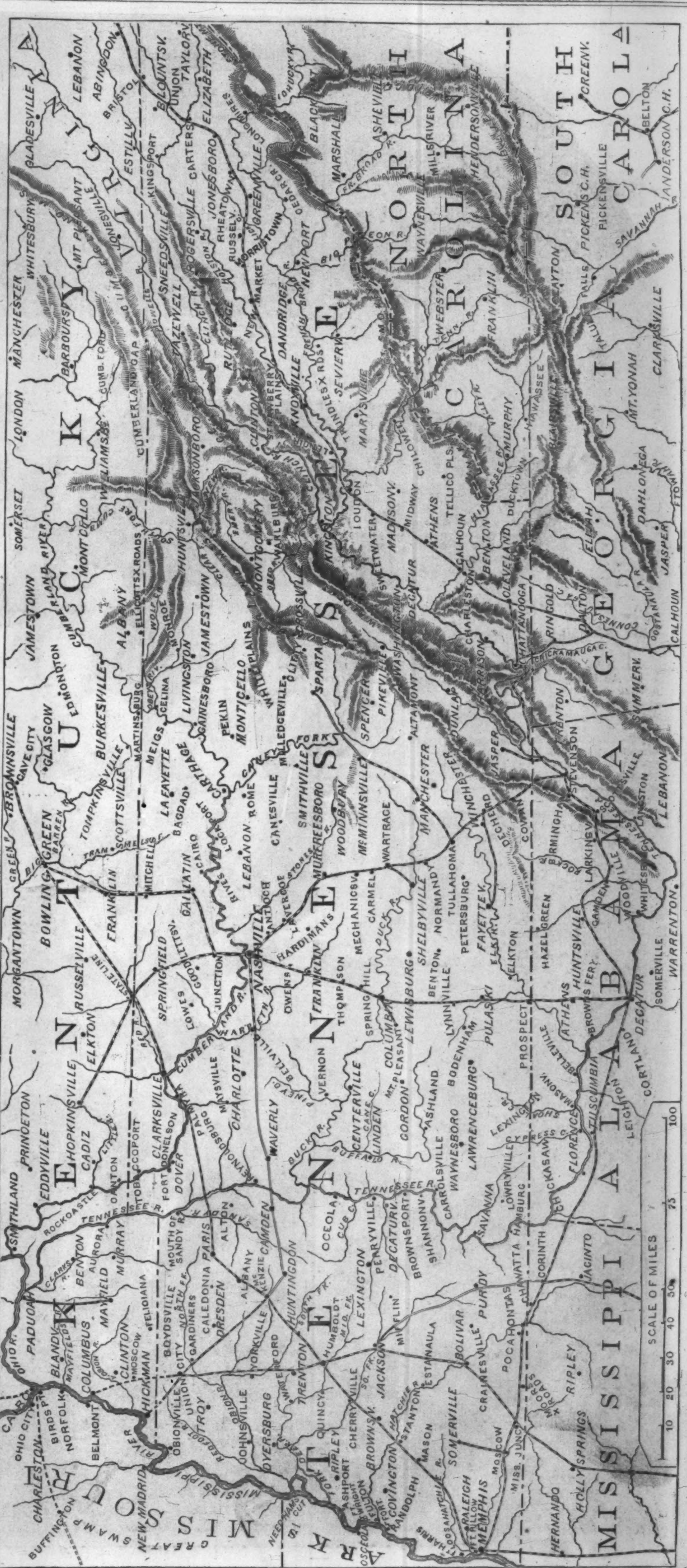
THE COMBINED EUROPEAN FLEET AGAINST MEXICO.

WE publish on page 812 a view of the COMBINED BRITISH, FRENCH, AND SPANISH FLEET now collected at Havana for the purpose of operating against Mexico. The Spanish vessels are the most numerous, the British the least so, though they are large ships. The British send 850 guns and 10,600 men; the Spanish Admiral, Rubaleaba, commands twelve steamers, mounting 300 guns; and the French Admiral, Jurien de la Gravière, ten vessels, mounting 310 guns. The following extract from the Convention between the three Powers will show the purpose of the expedition:

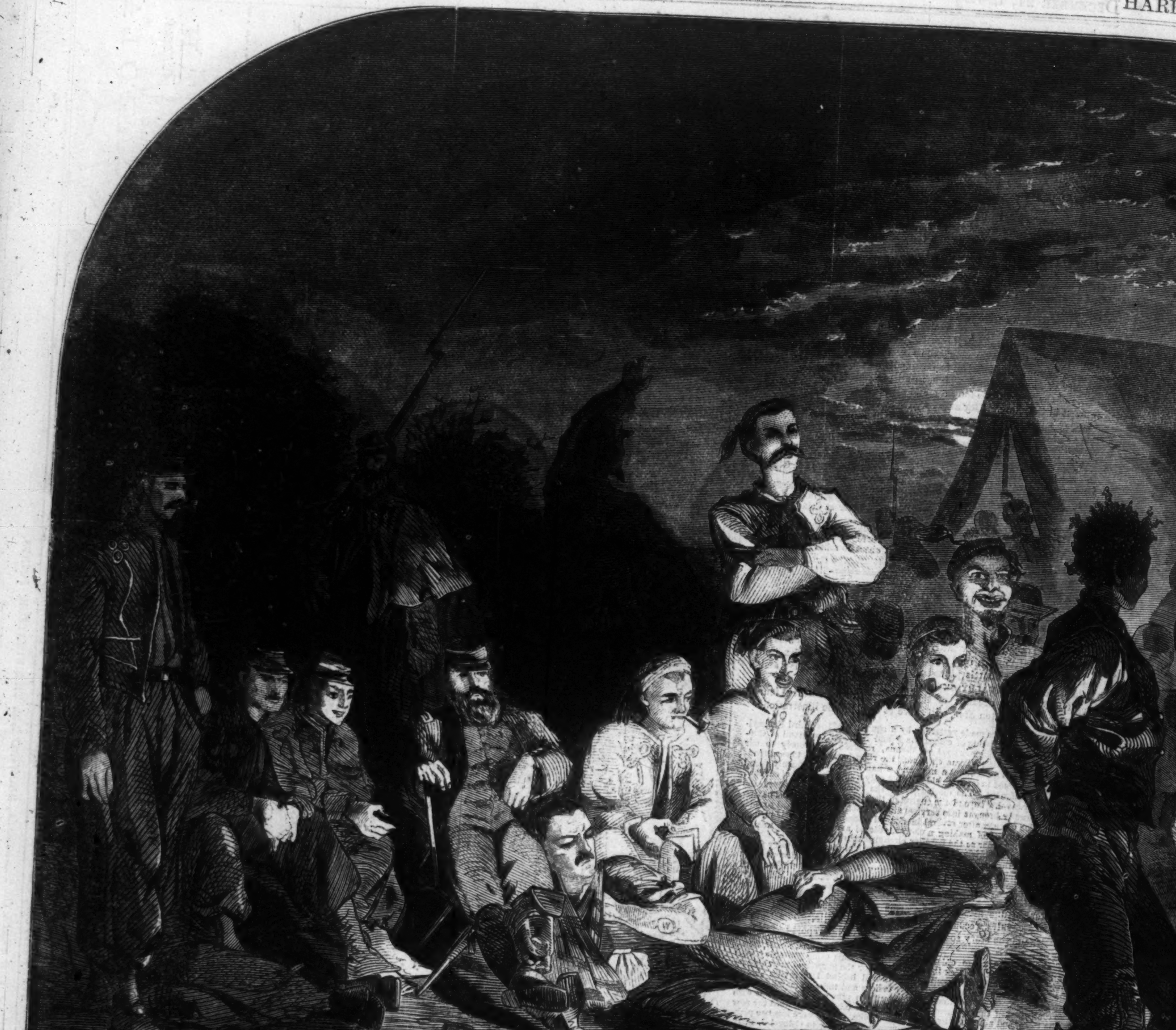
' *Art.* 1. Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, her Majesty the Queen of Spain, and his Majesty the Emperor of the French engage to make, immediately after the signature of the present convention, the necessary arrangements for dispatching to the coasts of Mexico combined naval and military forces, the strength of which shall be determined by a further interchange of communications between their Governments, but of which the total shall be sufficient to seize and occupy the several fortresses and military positions on the Mexican coast.

The commanders of the allied forces shall be, moreover, authorized to execute the other operations which may be considered, on the spot, most suitable to effect the object specified in the preamble of the present convention, and specifically to insure the security of foreign residents.

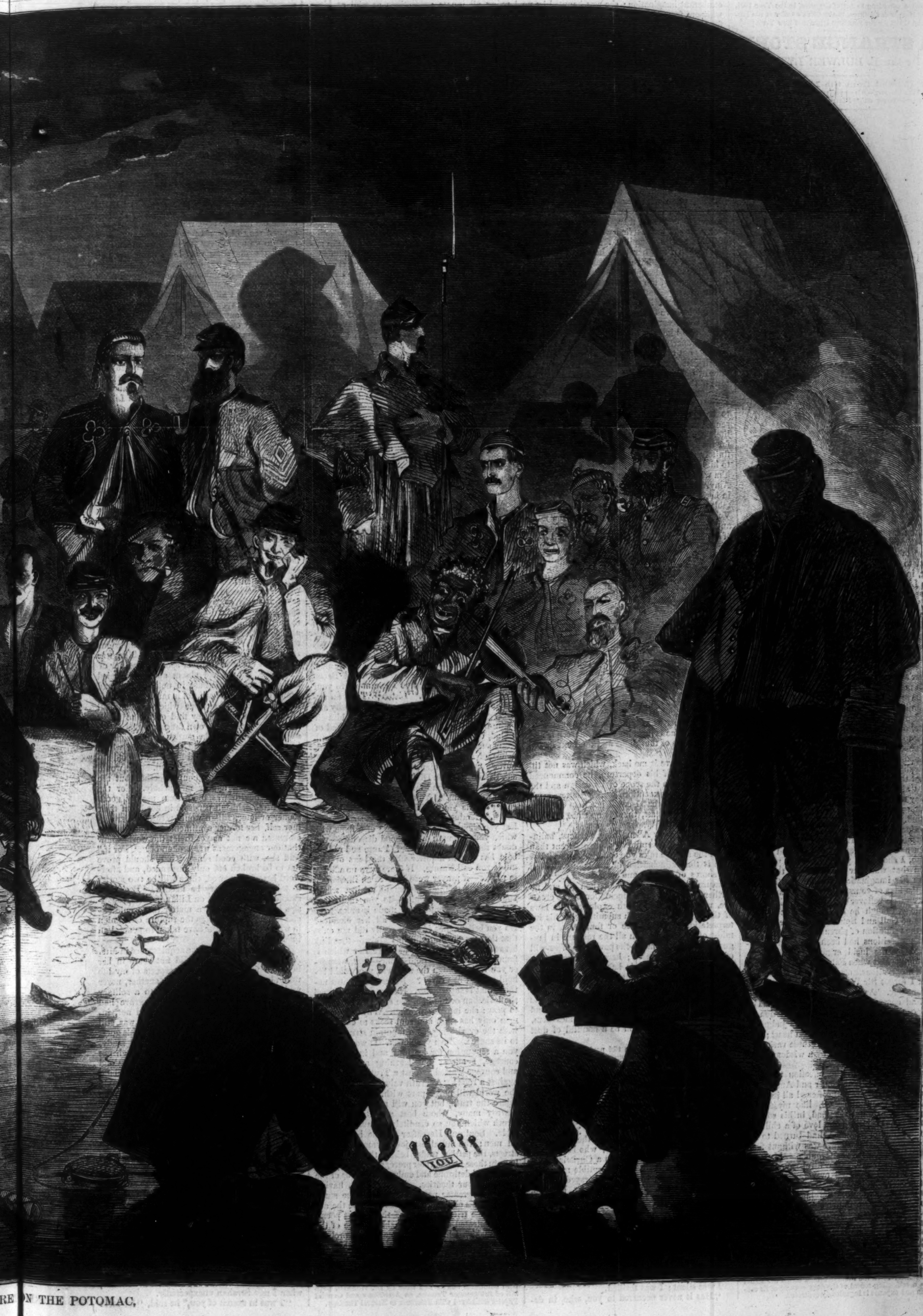
All the measures contemplated in this article shall be taken in the name and on account of the high contracting parties, without reference to the particular nationality of the forces employed to execute them.



WAR MAP OF THE STATE OF TENNESSEE, SHOWING ALL THE STRATEGIC POINTS.



A BIVOUAC FIRE ON



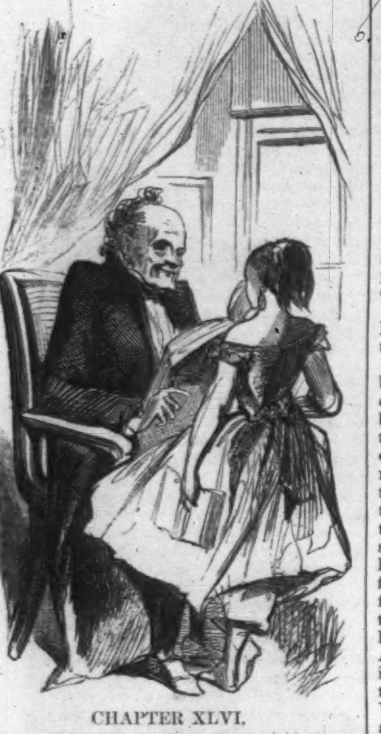
RE ON THE POTOMAC,

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XLVI.

Julius Faber and Amy Lloyd staid in my house three days, and their presence gave to me a sense of healthful security and peace. Amy wished to visit her father's house, and I asked Faber, in taking her there, to seize the occasion to see Lilian, that he might communicate to me his impression of a case so peculiar. I prepared Mrs. Ashleigh for this visit by a previous note. When the old man and the child came back both brought me comfort. Amy was charmed with Lilian, who had received her with the sweetness natural to her real character, and I loved to hear Lilian's praise from those innocent lips.

Faber's report was still more calculated to console me:

"I have seen, I have conversed with her long and familiarly. You were quite right—there is no tendency to consumption in that exquisite, if delicate, organization; nor do I see cause for the fear to which your statement had preinclined me. That head is too nobly formed for any constitutional cerebral infirmity. In its organization ideality, wonder, veneration are large, it is true, but they are balanced by other organs, now perhaps almost dormant, but which will come into play as life passes from romance into duty. Something at this moment evidently oppresses her mind. In conversing with her, I observe abstraction—listlessness; but I am so convinced of her truthfulness, that if she has once told you she returned your affection, and pledged to you her faith, I should, in your place, rest perfectly satisfied that whatever be the cloud that now rests on her imagination, and for the time obscures the idea of yourself, it will pass away."

Faber was a believer in the main divisions of phrenology, though he did not accept all the dogmas of Gall and Spurzheim; while, to my mind, the refutation of phrenology in its fundamental propositions had been triumphantly established by the lucid arguments of Sir W. Hamilton.* But when Faber rested on phrenological observations, assurances in honor of Lilian, I forgot Sir W. Hamilton, and believed in phrenology. As iron girders and pillars expand and contract with the mere variations of temperature, so will the strongest conviction on which the human intellect rests its judgment vary with the changes of the human heart; and the building is only safe where these variations are foreseen and allowed for by a wisdom intent on self-knowledge.†

There was much in the affection that had sprung up between Julius Faber and Amy Lloyd that touched my heart and softened all its emotions. This man, unblessed, like myself, by conjugal and parental ties, had, in his solitary age, turned for solace to the love of a child, as I, in the prime of manhood, had turned to the love of woman. But his love was without fear, without jealousy, without trouble. My sunshine came to me, but in a fitful ray, through clouds that had gathered over my noon; his sunshine covered all his landscape, hallowed and hallowing by the calm of declining day.

And Amy was no common child. She had no exuberant imagination; she was haunted by no whispers from Afar; she was a creature fitted for the earth, to accept its duties and to gladden its cares. Her tender observation, fine and tranquil, was alive to all the important household trifles by which, at the earliest age, man's allotted soother asserts her privilege to tend and to comfort. It was pleasant to see her moving so noiselessly through the rooms I had devoted to her venerable protector, knowing all his simple wants, and providing for them as if by the mechanism of a heart exquisitely moulded to the loving uses of life. Sometimes when I saw her setting his chair by the window (knowing, as I did, how much he habitually loved to be near the light) and smoothing his papers (in which he was apt to be unmethodical), placing the mark in his book when he ceased to read, divining, almost without his glance, some wish passing through his mind, and then seating herself at his feet, often with her work—which was always destined for him or for one of her absent brothers—now and then, with the one small book that she had carried with her, a selection of Bible stories compiled for children—sometimes when I saw her thus, how I wished that Lilian, too, could have seen her, and have compared her own ideal phantasies with those young developments of the natural heavenly Woman!

But was there nothing in that sight from which I, proud of my arid reason even in its perplexities, might have taken lessons for my self?

On the second evening of Faber's visit I brought to him the draft of deeds for the sale of his property. He had never been a man of business out of his profession; he was impatient to sell his property, and disposed to accept an offer at half its value. I insisted on taking on myself the task of negotiator; perhaps, too, in this office I was egotistically anxious to prove to the great physician that that which he believed to be my "hallucination" had in no way obscured my common sense in the daily affairs of life. So I concluded, and in a few hours, terms for his property that were only just, but were infinitely more advantageous than had appeared to himself to be possible. But as I approached him with the papers he put his finger to his lips. Amy was standing by him with her little book in her hand, and his own Bible lay open on the table. He was reading to her from the Sacred Volume itself, and impressing on her the force and beauty of one of the parables, the adaptation of which had perplexed her; when he had done she kissed him, bade him good-night, and went away to rest. Then said Faber thoughtfully, and as if to himself more than me,

"What a lovely bridge between old age and childhood is religion! How intuitively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively on quitting life the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant!"

I made no answer, but, after a pause, spoke of fines and freeholds, title-deeds and money; and when the business on hand was concluded asked my learned guest before he departed if he would deign to look over the pages of my ambitious physiological work. There were parts of it on which I much desired his opinion, touching on subjects in which his special studies made him an authority as high as our land possessed.

He made me bring him the manuscript, and devoted much of that night and the next day to its perusal.

When he gave it me back, which was not till the morning of his departure, he commenced with eulogies on the scope of its design and the manner of its execution, which flattered my vanity so much that I could not help exclaiming, "Then, at least, there is no trace of 'hallucination' here!"

"Alas, my poor Allen! here, perhaps, hallucination, or self-deception, is more apparent than in all the strange tales you confided to me. For here is the hallucination of the man seated on the shores of Nature, and who would say to its measureless sea, 'So far shalt thou go, and no farther!'—here is the hallucination of the creature, who, not content with exploring the laws of the Creator, ends with submitting to his interpretation of some three or four laws, in the midst of a code of which all the rest are in language unknown to him—the powers and free-will of the Lawgiver himself; here is the hallucination by which Nature is left Godless—because Man is left soulless. What would matter all our speculations on a Deity who would cease to exist for us when we are in the grave? Why mete out, like Archytas, the earth and the sea, and number the sands on the shore that divides them, if the end of this wisdom be a handful of dust sprinkled over a skull!

'Nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aerias tentasse domos *animoque* rotundum
Percurrisse polum *morituro*.'

Your book is a proof of the soul that you fail to discover. Without a soul no man would work for a Future that begins for his fame when the breath is gone from his body. Do you remember how you saw that little child praying at the grave of her father? Shall I tell you that in her simple orisons she prayed for the benefactor who had cared for the orphan; who had reared over dust that tomb which, in a Christian burial-ground, is a mute but perceptible memorial of Christian hopes; that the child prayed, haughty man, for you? And you sat by, knowing naught of this; sat by, among the graves, troubled and tortured with ghastly doubts—vain of a reason that was skeptical of eternity, and yet shaken like a reed by a moment's marvel. Shall I tell the child to pray for you no more?—that you disbelieve in a soul? If you do so, what is the efficacy of prayer? Speak, shall I tell her this? Shall the infant pray for you never more?"

I was silent; I was thrilled.

"Has it never occurred to you, who, in denying all innate perceptions as well as ideas, have passed on to deductions from which poor Locke, humble Christian that he was, would have shrunk in dismay; has it never occurred to you as a wonderful fact, that the easiest thing in the world to teach a child is that which seems to metaphysical schoolmen the abstrusest of all problems? Read all those philosophers wrangling about a First Cause, deciding on what *are* miracles, and then again deciding that such miracles can not be; and when one has answered another, and left in the crucible of wisdom a *caput mortuum* of ignorance, then turn your eyes, and look at the infant praying to the invisible God at his mother's knees. This idea, so miraculously abstract, of a Power that the infant has never seen, that can not be symboled forth and explained to him by the most erudite sage—a Power, nevertheless, that watches over him, that hears him, that sees him, that will carry him across the grave, that will enable him to live on forever—this double mystery of a Divinity and of a Soul the infant learns with the most facile readiness, at the first glimpse of his reasoning faculty. Before you can teach him a rule in addition, before you can venture to drill him into his horn-book, he leaps, with one intuitive spring of all his ideas, to the comprehension of the truths which are only incomprehensible to blundering sages! And you, as you stand before me, *dare* not say, 'Let the child pray for me no more!' But will the Creator accept the child's prayer for the man who refuses prayer for himself? Take my advice—Pray! And in this counsel I do not overstep my province. I speak not as a preacher, but as a physician. For health is a word that comprehends our whole organization, and a just equilibrium of all faculties and functions is the condition of health. As in your Lilian the equilibrium is deranged by the over-indulgence of a spiritual mysticism which withdraws from the nutriment of duty the essential pabulum of sober sense, so in you, the resolute negation of disciplined spiritual communion between Thought and Divinity robs imagination of its noblest and safest vent. Thus, from opposite extremes, you and your Lilian meet in the same region of mist and cloud, losing sight of each other and of the true ends of life, as her eyes only gaze on the stars and yours only bend to the earth. Were I advising *her*, I should say: 'Your Creator has placed the scene of your trial below, and not in the stars.' Advising *you*, I say: 'But in the trial below, man should recognize education for heaven.' In a word, I would draw somewhat more downward her fancy, raise somewhat more upward your reason. Take my advice then—Pray. Your mental system needs the support of prayer in order to preserve its balance. In the embarrassment and confusion of your senses, clearness of perception will come with habitual and tranquil confidence in Him who alike rules the universe and reads the heart. I only say here what has been said much better before by a reasoner in whom all students of Nature recognize a guide. I see on your table the very volume of Bacon which contains the passage I commend to your reflection. Here it is. Listen: 'Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man who, to him, is instead of a God, or *melior natura*, which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature could not obtain.'* You are silent, but your gesture tells me your doubt—a doubt which your heart, so femininely tender, will not speak aloud lest you should rob the old man of a hope with which your strength of manhood dispenses—you doubt the efficacy of prayer! Pause and reflect, bold but candid inquirer into the laws of that guide you call Nature. If there were no efficacy in prayer—if prayer were as mere an illusion of superstitious phantasy as aught against which your reason now struggles—do you think that Nature herself would have made it among the most common and facile of all her dictates? Do you believe that if there really did not exist that tie between Man and his Maker—that link between life here and a life hereafter which is found in what we call Soul, alone—that, wherever you look through the universe, you would behold a child at prayer? Nature inculcates nothing that is superfluous. Nature does not impel the leviathan or the lion, the eagle or the moth, to pray; she impels only man. Why? Because man only has soul, and soul seeks to commune with the everlasting, as a fountain struggles up to its source. Burn your book. It would found you a reputation for learning and intellect and courage, I allow; but learning and intellect and courage wasted against a Truth—like spray against a rock! A Truth valuable to the world the world will never part with. You will not injure the truth, but you will mislead and may destroy many, whose best security is in the Truth which you so eruditely insinuate to be a fable. Soul and Hereafter are the heritage of all men; the humblest journeyman in those streets, the pettiest trader behind those counters, have in those beliefs their prerogatives of royalty. You would dethrone and embrute the lords of the earth by your theories. For my part, having given the greater part of my life to the study and analysis of facts, I would rather be the author of the tritest homily, of the baldest poem, that inculcated that imperishable essence of the soul to which I have neither scalpel nor probe—than be the founder af the subtlest school, or the framer of the loftiest verse, that robbed my fellow-men of their faith in a spirit that eludes the dissecting-knife, in a being that escapes the grave-digger. Burn your book—Accept This Book instead; Read and Pray."

He placed his Bible in my hand, embraced me, and, an hour afterward, the old man and the child left my hearth solitary once more.

CHAPTER XLVII.

That night as I sat in my study, very thoughtful and very mournful, I revolved all that Julius Faber had said, and the impression his words had produced became gradually weaker and weaker as my reason, naturally combative, rose up with all the replies which my philosophy suggested. No! if my imagination had really seduced and betrayed me into monstrous credulities, it was clear that the best remedy to such morbid tendencies toward the Superstitious was in the severe exercise of the faculties most opposed to Superstition; in the culture of pure reasoning; in the science of absolute fact. Accordingly, I placed before me the very book which Julius Faber had advised me to burn; I forced all my powers of mind to go again over the passages which contained the doctrines that his admonition had censured; and before daybreak I had stated the substance of his argument, and the logical reply to it, in an elaborate addition to my chapter on "Sentimental Philosophers." While thus rejecting the purport of his parting counsels, I embodied in another portion of my work his views on my own "illusions;" and as here my common sense was in concord with his, I disposed of all my own previous doubts in an addition to my favorite chapter "On the Cheats of the Imagination." And when the pen dropped from my hand, and the day-star gleamed through the window, my heart escaped from the labor of my mind, and flew back to the image of Lilian. The pride of the philosopher died out of me, the sorrow of the man reigned supreme, and I shrank from the coming of the sun, despondent.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Not till the law had completed its proceedings and satisfied the public mind as to the murder of Sir Philip Derval, were the remains of the deceased consigned to the family mausoleum. The funeral was, as may be supposed, strictly private, and when it was over the excitement occupied by an event so tragical and singular subsided. New topics engaged the public talk, and—in my presence, at least—the delicate consideration due to one whose name had been so painfully mixed up in the dismal story, forbore a topic which I could not be expected to hear without distressful emotion. Mrs. Ashleigh I saw frequently at my own house; she honestly confessed that Lilian had not shown that grief at the canceling of our engagement which would alone justify Mrs. Ashleigh in asking me again to see her daughter, and retract my conclusions against our union. She said that Lilian was quiet, not uncheerful, never spoke of me nor of Margrave, but seemed absent and preoccupied as before, taking pleasure in nothing that had been wont to please her; not in music, nor books, nor that tranquil pastime which women call work, and in which they find excuse to meditate, in idleness, their own fancies. She rarely stirred out—even in the garden: when she did, her eyes seemed to avoid the house in which Margrave had lodged, and her steps the old favorite haunt by the Monks' Well. She would remain silent for long hours together, but the silence did not appear melancholy. For the rest, her health was more than usually good. Still, Mrs. Ashleigh persisted in her belief that, sooner or later, Lilian would return to her former self, her former sentiments for me, and she entreated me not as yet to let the world know that our engagement was broken off. "For if," said she, with good sense, "if it should prove not to be broken off, only suspended, and afterward happily renewed, there will be two stories to tell when no story be needed. Besides, I should dread the effect on Lilian if offensive gossips babbled to her on a matter that would excite so much curiosity as the rupture of a union in which our neighbors have taken so general an interest.

I had no reason to refuse acquiescence in Mrs. Ashleigh's request, but I did not share in her hopes; I felt that the fair prospects of my life were blasted; I could never love another, never wed another; I resigned myself to a solitary hearth, rejoiced, at least, that Margrave had not revisited at Mrs. Ashleigh's; had not, indeed, reappeared in the town. He was still staying with Strahan, who told me that his guest had ensconced himself in Forman's old study, and amused himself with reading—though not for long at a time—the curious old books and manuscripts found in the library, or climbing trees like a school-boy, and familiarizing himself with the deer and the cattle, which would group round him quite tame, and feed from his hand. Was this the description of a criminal? But if Sir Philip's assertion were really true; if the criminal were man without soul; if without soul, man would have no conscience, never be troubled by repentance, and the vague dread of a future world—why, then, should not the criminal be gay despite his crimes, as the white bear gambols as friskily after his meal on human flesh? These questions would haunt me despite my determination to accept as the right solution of all marvels the construction put on my narrative by Julius Faber.

Days passed; I saw and heard nothing of Margrave! I began half to hope that, in the desultory and rapid changes of mood and mind which characterized his restless nature, he had forgotten my existence.

One morning I went out early on my rounds, when I met Strahan unexpectedly.

"I was in search of you," he said, "for mere than one person has told me that you are looking ill and jaded. So you are! And the town now is hot and unhealthy. You must come to Derval Court for a week or so. You can ride into town every day to see your patients. Don't refuse. Margrave, who is still with me, sends all kind messages, and bade me say that *he* entreats you to come to the house at which he also is a guest!"

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* The summary of this distinguished lecturer's objections to phrenology is to be found in the appendix to vol. i. of Lectures on Metaphysics, p. 404 et seq. Edition 1859.

† The change of length in iron girders caused by variation of temperature has not unfrequently brought down the whole edifice into which they were admitted. Good engineers and architects allow for such changes produced by temperature. In the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits a self-acting record of the daily amount of its contraction and expanse is ingeniously contrived.

* Bacon's Essay on Atheism. This quotation is made with admirable felicity and force by Dr. Whewell, page 378 of Bridgewater Treatise, on Astronomy and General Physics considered with Reference to Natural Theology.

I started. What had the Scin-Læca required of me, and obtained to that condition my promise? "If you are asked to the house at which I also am a guest, you will come; you will meet and converse with me as guest speaks to guest in the house of a host!" Was this one of the coincidences which my reason was bound to accept as coincidences and nothing more? Tut, tut! Was I returning again to my "hallucinations?" Granting that Faber and common sense were in the right, what was this Margrave? A man to whose friendship, acuteness, and energy I was under the deepest obligations; to whom I was indebted for active services that had saved my life from a serious danger, acquitted my honor of a horrible suspicion. "I thank you," I said to Strahan, "I will come; not, indeed, for a week, but, at all events, for a day or two."

"That's right; I will call for you in the carriage at six o'clock. You will have done your day's work by then!"

"Yes, I will so arrange."

On our way to Derval Court that evening Strahan talked much about Margrave, of whom, nevertheless, he seemed to be growing weary.

"His high spirits are too much for one," said he; "and then so restless—so incapable of sustained quiet conversation. And, clever though he is, he can't help me in the least about the new house I shall build. He has no notion of construction. I don't think he could build a barn."

"I thought you did not like to demolish the old house, and would content yourself with pulling down the more ancient part of it?"

"True. At first it seemed a pity to destroy so handsome a mansion; but you see, since poor Sir Philip's manuscript, on which he set such store, has been too mutilated, I fear, to allow me to effect his wish with regard to it, I think I ought at least scrupulously to obey his other whims. And, besides—I don't know—there are odd noises about the old house. I don't believe in haunted houses, still there is something dreary in strange sounds at the dead of night, even if made by rats, or winds through decaying rafters. You, I remember at college, had a taste for architecture, and can draw plans. I wish to follow out Sir Philip's design, but on a smaller scale, and with more attention to comfort."

Thus he continued to run on, satisfied to find me a silent and attentive listener. We arrived at the mansion an hour before sunset, the westering light shining full against the many windows cased in mouldering pilasters, and making the general dilapidation of the whole place yet more mournfully evident.

It was but a few minutes to the dinner hour. I went up at once to the room appropriated to me—not the one I had before occupied. Strahan had already got together a new establishment. I was glad to find in the servant who attended me an old acquaintance. He had been in my own employ when I first settled at L——, and left me to get married. He and his wife were now both in Strahan's service. He spoke warmly of his new master and his contentment with his situation, while he unpacked my carpet-bag and assisted me to change my dress. But the chief object of his talk and his praise was Mr. Margrave.

"Such a bright young gentleman, like the first fine day in May!"

Margave was always popular with common people—common people in any class—popular with those who did not see nor converse much with him.

When I came into the dining-room Margrave and Strahan were both there. The former was blithe and genial, as usual, in his welcome. At dinner, and during the whole evening till we retired severally to our own rooms, he was the principal talker; recounting incidents of travel, always very loosely strung together, jesting, good-humoredly enough, at Strahan's sudden hobby for building, then putting questions to me about mutual acquaintances, but never waiting for an answer, and every now and then, as if at random, startling us with some brilliant aphorism or some suggestion drawn from abstract science or unfamiliar erudition. The whole effect was sparkling, but I could well understand that, if long continued, it would become oppressive. The soul has need of pauses of repose—intervals of escape not only from the flesh, but even from the mind. A man of the loftiest intellect will experience times when mere intellect not only fatigues him, but amidst its most original conceptions, amidst its proudest triumphs, has a something trite and commonplace compared with one of those vague intimations of a spiritual destiny which are not within the ordinary domain of reason; and, gazing abstractedly into space, will leave suspended some problem of severest thought, or uncompleted some golden palace of imperial poetry, to indulge in hazy reveries that do not differ from those of an innocent, quiet child! The soul has a long road to travel—from time through eternity. It demands its halting hours of contemplation. Contemplation is serene. But with such wants of an immortal immaterial spirit, Margrave had no fellowship, no sympathy; and for myself, I need scarcely add that the lines I have just traced I should not have written at the date at which my narrative has now arrived.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I HAD no case that necessitated my return to L—— the following day. The earlier hours of the forenoon I devoted to Strahan and his building plans. Margrave flitted in and out of the room fitfully as an April sunbeam, sometimes flinging himself on a sofa and reading for a few minutes one of the volumes of the ancient mystics, in which Sir Philip's library was so rich. I remember it was a volume of Proclus. He read that crabbed and semi-barbarous Greek with a fluency that surprised me. "I picked up the ancient Greek," said he, "years ago in learning the modern." But the book soon tired him; then he would come and disturb us, archly enjoying Strahan's peevishness at interruption; then he would throw open the window and leap down, chanting one of his wild savage airs; and in another moment he was half hid under the drooping boughs of a broad lime-tree, amidst the antlers of deer that gathered fondly round him. In the afternoon my host was called away to attend some visitors of importance, and I found myself on the sward before the house, right in view of the mausoleum, and alone with Margrave.

I turned my eyes from that dumb House of Death wherein rested the corpse of the last lord of the soil, so strangely murdered, with a strong desire to speak out to Margrave the doubts respecting himself that tortured me. But, setting aside the promise to the contrary, which I had given, or dreamed I had given, to the Luminous Shadow—to fulfill that desire would have been impossible—impossible to any one gazing on that radiant youthful face!—I think I see him now as I saw him then; a white doe, that even my presence could not scare away from him, stood patiently by his side, looking up at him with her soft eyes. He stood there like the incarnate principle of mythological sensuous life. I have before applied to him that illustration; let the repetition be pardoned. Impossible, I repeat it, to say to that creature, face to face, "Art thou the master of demoniac arts and the instigator of secret murder?" As if from redundant happiness within himself, he was humming, or rather cooing, a strain of music, so sweet, so sweet, so wildly sweet, and so unlike the music one hears from tutored lips in crowded rooms! I passed my hand over my forehead in bewilderment and awe.

"Are there," I said, unconsciously—"are there, indeed, such prodigies in Nature?"

"Nature!" he cried, catching up the word; "talk to me of Nature! Talk of her, the wondrous blissful Mother! Mother I may well call her. I am her spoiled child, her darling— But oh, to die, ever to die, ever to lose sight of Nature!—to rot, senseless, whether under these turfs or within those dead walls—"

I could not resist the answer:

"Like yon murdered man! murdered, and by whom?"

"By whom? I thought that was clearly proved!"

"The hand was proved; what influence moved the hand?"

"Tush! the poor wretch spoke of a Demon! Who can tell? Nature herself is a grand destroyer. See that pretty bird, in its beak a writhing worm! All Nature's children live to take life;[*] none, indeed, so lavishly as man. What hecatombs slaughtered, not to satisfy the irresistible sting of hunger, but for the wanton ostentation of a feast, which he may scarcely taste, or for the mere sport that he finds in destroying. We speak with dread of the beasts of prey; what beast of prey is so dire a ravager as man? So cruel and so treacherous? Look at yon flock of sheep, bred and fattened for the shambles, and this hind that I caress, when the season comes, were I the park-keeper, should I refuse to shoot her because of the caress?"

"It is true," said I, "a grim truth. Nature, on the surface so loving and so gentle, is full of terror in her deeps when our thought descends into their abyss!"

Strahan now joined us with a party of country visitors.

"Margrave is the man to show you the beauties of this park," said he "Margrave knows every bosk and dingle, twisted old thorn-tree, or opening glade, in its intricate, undulating ground."

Margrave seemed delighted at this proposition, and as he led us through the park, though the way was long, though the sun was fierce, no one seemed fatigued. For the pleasure he felt in pointing out detached beauties which escaped an ordinary eye was contagious. He did not talk as talks the poet or the painter; but at some lovely effect of light among the tremulous leaves, some sudden glimpse of a sportive rivulet below, he would halt, point it out to us in silence, and with a kind of childlike ecstasy in his own bright face that seemed to reflect the life and the bliss of the blithe summer-day itself.

Thus seen, all my doubts in his dark secret nature faded away; all my horror, all my hate; it was impossible to resist the charm that breathed round him, not to feel a tender, affectionate yearning toward him as to some fair, happy child. Well might he call himself the Darling of Nature! Was he not the mysterious likeness of that awful Mother, beautiful as Apollo in one aspect, direful as Typhoon in another?

CHAPTER L.

"WHAT a strange-looking cane you have, Sir!" said a little girl, who was one of the party, and who had entwined her arm round Margrave's. "Let me look at it."

"Yes," said Strahan; "that cane, or rather walking-staff, of Margrave's is worth looking at. He bought it in Egypt, and declares that it is very ancient."

This staff seemed constructed from a reed; looked at, it seemed light, in the hand it felt heavy; it was of a pale, faded yellow, wrought with black rings at equal distances, and graven with half-obliterated characters that seemed hieroglyphic. I remembered to have seen Margrave with it before, but I had never noticed it with any attention till now, when it was passed from hand to hand. At the head of the cane there was a large unpolished stone of a dark blue.

"Is this a pebble or a jewel?" asked one of the party.

"I can not tell you its name," said Margrave; "but it is said to cure the bite of serpents,[*] and has other supposed virtues—a talisman, in short.

He here placed the staff in my hands, and bade me look at it with care. Then he changed the conversation and renewed the way, leaving the staff with me, till, suddenly, I forced it back on him. I could not have explained why, but its touch, as it warmed in my clasp, seemed to send through my whole frame a singular thrill, and a sensation as if I no longer felt my own weight—as if I walked on air.

Our rambles came to a close; the visitors went away; I re-entered the house through the sash-window of Forman's study; Margrave threw his hat and staff on the table, and amused himself with examining minutely the tracery on the mantle-piece. Strahan and myself left him thus occupied, and going into the adjoining library, resumed our task of examining the plans for the new house. I continued to draw outlines and sketches of various alterations tending to simplify and contract Sir Philip's general design. Margrave soon joined us, and this time took his seat patiently beside our table, watching me use ruler and compass with unwonted attention.

"I wish I could draw," he said; "but I can do nothing useful."

"Rich men like you," said Strahan, peevishly, "can engage others, and are better employed in rewarding good artists than in making bad drawings themselves."

"Yes, I can employ others; and—Fenwick, when you have finished with Strahan I will ask permission to employ you, though without reward; the task I will impose will not take you a minute."

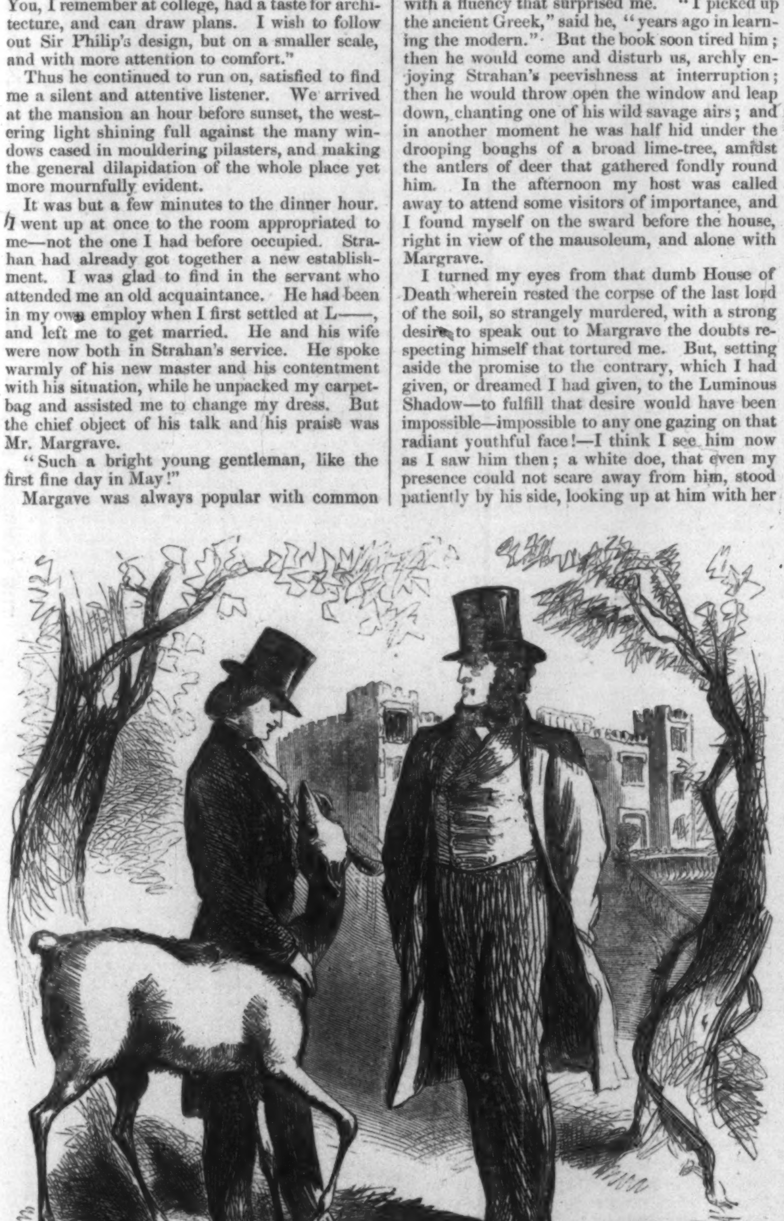
He then threw himself back in his chair, and seemed to fall into a doze.

The dressing-bell rang; Strahan put away the plans—indeed, they were now pretty well finished and decided on.

Margrave woke up as our host left the room to dress, and drawing me toward another table in the room, placed before me one of his favorite mystic books, and, pointing to an old wood-cut, said,

"I will ask you to copy this for me; it pretends to be a fac-simile of Solomon's famous seal. I have a whimsical desire to have a copy of it. You observe two triangles interlaced and inserted in a circle? The pentacle, in short. Yes, just so. You need not add the astrological characters, they are the senseless superfluous accessories of the dreamer who wrote the book. But the pentacle itself has an intelligible meaning; it belongs to the only universal language, the language of symbol, in which all races that think—around, and above, and below us—can establish communion of thought. If in the external universe any one constructive principle can be detected, it is that principle in which consists the most positive of all the sciences, viz., the geometrical; and in every part of the world in which magic pretends to a written character, I find that its hieroglyphics are geometrical figures. Is it not laughable that the most positive of all the sciences should thus lend its angles and circles to the use of—what shall I call it?—the ignorance?—ay, that is the word—the ignorance of dealers in magic!"

He took up the paper on which I had hastily described the triangles and the circle, and went out of the room, chanting the serpent-charmer's song.



"A WHITE DOE, THAT EVEN MY PRESENCE COULD NOT SCARE AWAY FROM HIM, STOOD PATIENTLY BY HIS SIDE," ETC.

COLONEL RANKIN'S LANCERS.

WE publish on page 805 an illustration of COLONEL RANKIN'S REGIMENT OF LANCERS, now in quarters at Detroit, Michigan, from a sketch kindly sent us by Mr. B. R. Erman. This is the regiment about which the Canadian authorities have made such a noise, and on account of which Colonel Rankin has been dismissed from the Canadian militia. It is to be 1600 strong, armed and equipped like the 16th Regiment of British Lancers. The principal weapon used will be the lance, whose haft will be 15 feet long, and the blade 14 inches. It is held upright when marching, the end resting on a portion of the stirrup. In charging, it is thrust forward so as to project considerably beyond the horse's head, the haft being attached to the rider's arm by a strong cord. In addition to the lance, each man will be provided with sabre rifle, and pistol. The lance is known as "la reine des armes blanches," and well-drilled regiments of lancers have always been deemed very formidable in the field. It is understood that Colonel Rankin's Regiment will be incorporated into the Regular army, and will be retained in service after the war. It is to take the field during the present month.

The French Lancers have always been considered the flower of their cavalry. The men are the tallest and finest in the service, the horses equal to those of the famous cuirassiers. It is understood that General M'Clellan, during his tour of inspection in Europe, was much impressed with the value of lancers as an adjunct to other cavalry, and recommended the adoption of the weapon by our War Department. Colonel Rankin's regiment is the first-fruit of this opinion; and from all that we hear about it is likely to give a good account of itself, and make the old cavalry regiments look to their fame.

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[*] May I be pardoned, since Allen Fenwick does not confute, in his reply, the trite fallacy contained in Margrave's remarks on the destroying agency of Nature, if I earnestly commend to the general reader the careful perusal of chapter xiii., page 129, of Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise (Geology and Mineralogy) on the "Aggregate of animal enjoyment increased and that of pain diminished by the existence of carnivorous races." Nothing to my mind can surpass the terseness and simplicity with which the truth of that proposition is worked out to the vindication of the great drama of universal life.

[†] The following description of a stone at Corfu, celebrated as an antidote to the venom of the serpent's bite, was given to me by an eminent scholar and legal functionary in that island:

"DESCRIPTION OF THE BLUE STONE.—This stone is of an oval shape, $1\frac{2}{10}$ in. long, $\frac{7}{10}$ broad, $\frac{3}{10}$ thick, and, having been broken formerly, is now set in gold.

"When a person is bitten by a poisonous snake, the bite must be opened by a cut of a lancet or razor long ways, and the stone applied within twenty-four hours. The stone then attaches itself firmly on the wound, and when it has done its office falls off, the cure is then complete; the stone must then be thrown into milk, whereupon it vomits the poison it has absorbed, which remains green on the top of the milk, and the stone is then again fit for use.

"This stone has been from time immemorial in the family of Ventura, of Corfu, a house of Italian origin, and is notorious, so that peasants immediately apply for its aid. Its virtue has not been impaired by the fracture. Its nature or composition are unknown.

"In a case where two were stung at the same time by serpents, the stone was applied to one, who recovered, but the other, for whom it could not be used, died.

"It never failed but once, and then it was applied *after* the twenty-four hours.

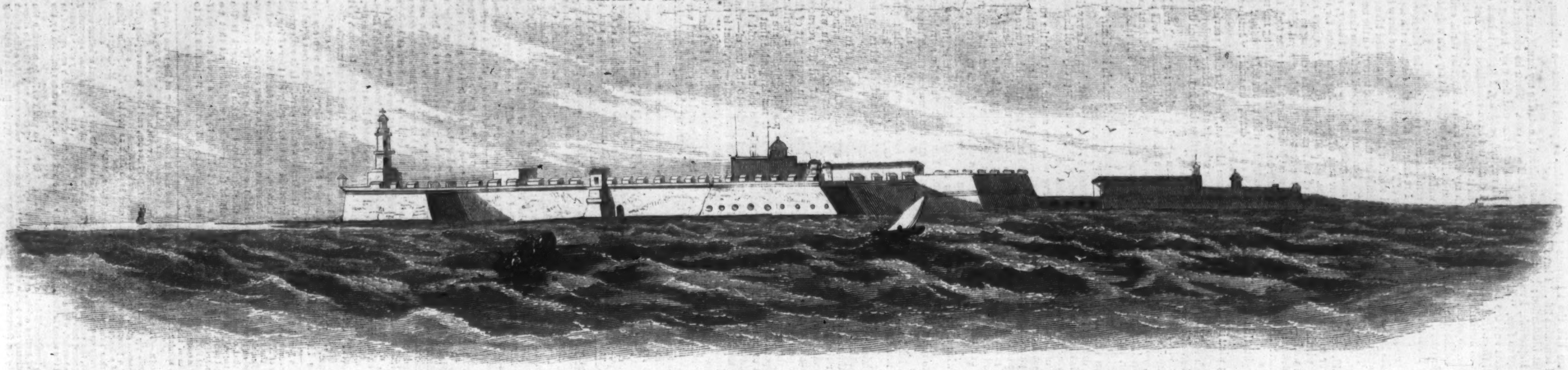
"Its color is so dark as not to be distinguished from black. P. M. COLQUHOUN.

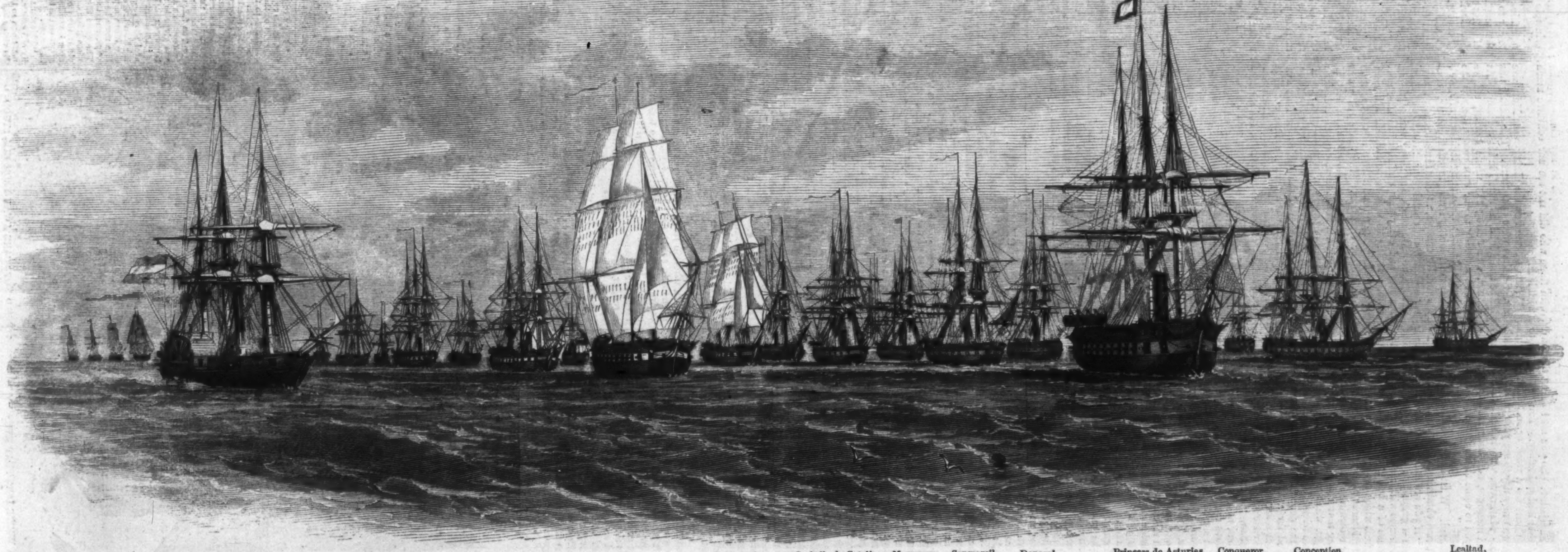
"CORFU, 7th Nov., 1860."

Sir Emerson Tennant, in his popular and excellent work on Ceylon, gives an account of "snake stones" apparently similar to the one at Corfu, except that they are "intensely black and highly polished," and which are applied, in much the same manner, to the wounds inflicted by the cobra capello.

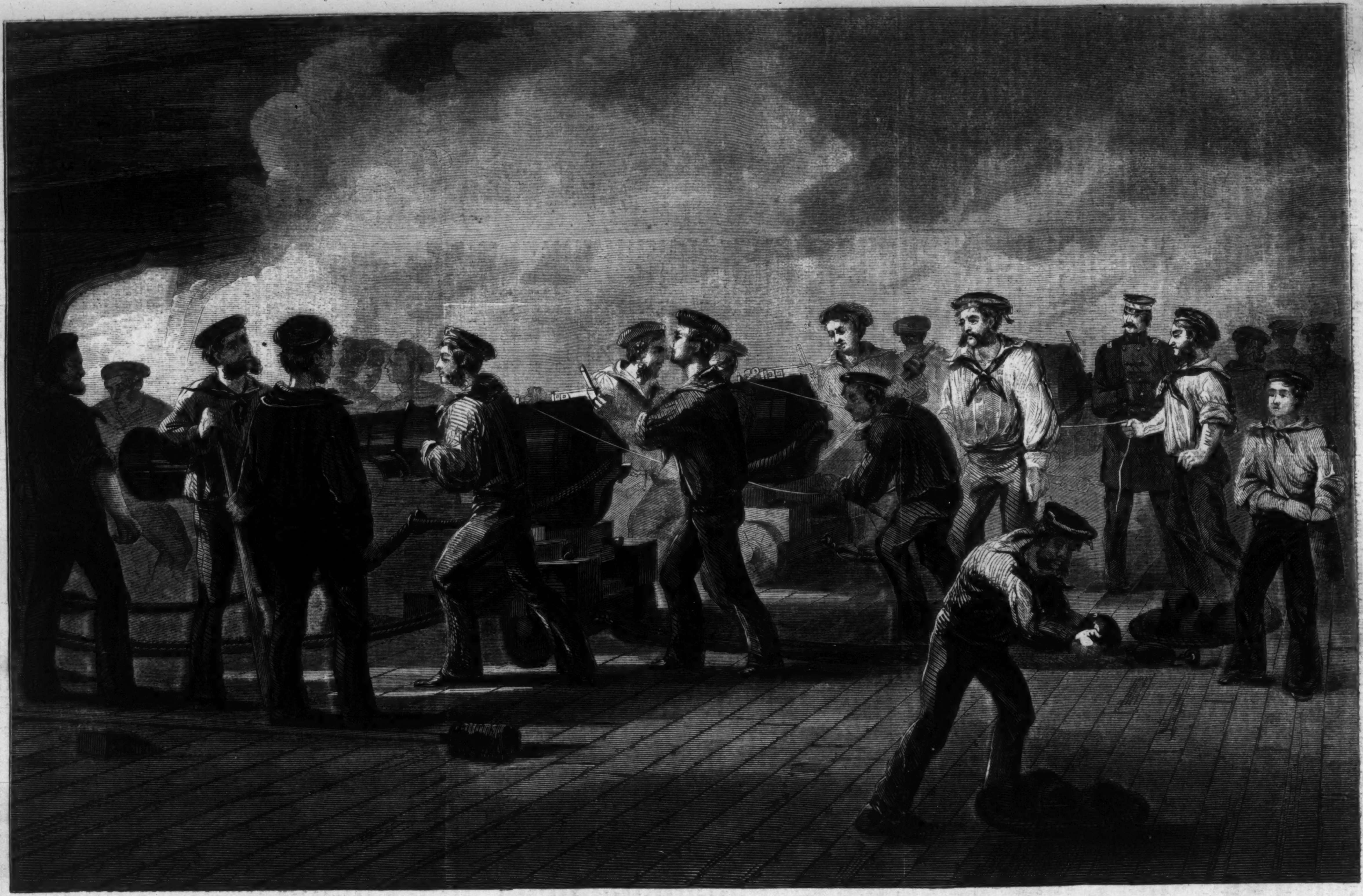
Query.—Might it not be worth while to ascertain the chemical properties of these stones, and, if they be efficacious in the extraction of venom conveyed by a bite, might they not be as successful if applied to the bite of a mad dog as that of a cobra capello?

CASTLE OF SAN JUAN D'ULLOA, AT VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.




Aule.
L'Berthol'o'.
Montezuma.
Volasco.
L'Astra.
Herman Cortes.
Brasco de Garay.
Guerriere,
Pizarro.
Francisco de Asis.
Ardente.
Branca.
Berenguela.
Pemonella.
Isabella de Cotolico.
Marceaux.
Massena.
Sanspareil.
Donegal.
Princess de Asturias.
Conqueror.
Conception.
Lealtad,

THE COMBINED SPANISH, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 807.]



'TWEEN DECKS OF A UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR IN ACTION.

WOUNDED.

I SHALL never forget that day. We were all sitting on a rock down by the beach just under the cliffs. Sitting talking of the war, speculating and discussing. Of course we should win the day—every day. Who doubted that? At the end of these three months we should see this foolish rebellion half, if not quite mastered! It was nearly the end now—only think!—and our boys all coming back safe. So we talked on that day—that day of Monday, July —. It was quite late in the afternoon too, for we do not get the papers early at Newport, and we never knew we were talking right in the face of death about our boys all coming back safe. All coming back safe? Ah me!

Then Camilla Payne read that sonnet of Dobell's—"Home in War Time"—just the sweetest, saddest thing. I hear her melting tones now, saying softly, while the waves murmured an accompaniment,

> "She turned the fair page with her fairer hand—
> More fair and frail than it was wont to be;
> O'er each remembered thing he loved to see
> She lingered, and as with a fairy's wand
> Enchanted it to order. Oft she fanned
> New motes into the sun; and as a bee
> Sings through a brake of bells, so murmured she.
> And so her patient love did understand
> The reliquary room. Upon the sill
> She fed his favorite bird. 'Ah, Robin, sing!
> He loves thee.' Then she touches a sweet string
> Of soft recall, and toward the Eastern hill
> Smiles all her soul—for him who can not hear
> The raven croaking at his carrion ear."

As she ended Marian Hope burst forth into such a passion of weeping, crying brokenly, too, between the sobs, "I think it is horrid, horrid, that ending!"

St. George was there; he also shook his head at that last line, saying it was in bad taste certainly. It were better rung to some loftier change of comparison.

"Horrid, horrid!" still sobbed Marian—"what made you read it, Camilla? How could you?"

And thus till we thought her a baby, and St. George told her so, bending over and dropping a piece of sea-grass on her cheek. But he did not tell her so a second time, nor did we—but wait.

Bending over, dropping a piece of sea-grass on her wet cheek, smiling in merry mockery at her "nervous nonsense," calling "May! May! you little baby," he suddenly flung up his head at the sound of a hard gallop crunching upon the gravelly road beyond.

Yes, down he came, Richard Ware, riding his petted horse on that hot day at a hard gallop. Down he came, his head dropped into his breast, his mouth settled into a mournful stillness, which none of us understood. None of us but Marian Hope—her soul was prescient that day. Down he came, leaving his horse for the first time in charge of a chance groom upon the beach, while he walked over to where we were sitting.

"What's the matter, Dick?" St. George shouted—"has Rosa Earle jilted you, or stocks fallen? Your face is like a death-warrant."

Something here stirred me to look at Marian Hope. That look shivered me. She had risen, and stood, hands clasped, eyes gazing wistfully into some mystical beyond, and an expression of some sure knowledge and despair clouding her whole aspect.

From her I turned back again to Richard. He answered never a word to St. George's jesting question, but with a still graver look held out to him a private dispatch. As he read it a whiteness came over his lips. He raised his hand to his forehead, pressing hard, then dashed it down, paper and all, turning away with such a sick agony of pain in his face that I knew the truth must be the shadow of death. I caught the "message" as it fell—just a few words:

"Lieutenant —— wounded—it is feared mortally. Communicate to his brother St. George."

To Richard Ware, as a cousin of St. George's, this message came, and the painful duty of "communicating" it. Lieutenant ——, the grandest young fellow! How well I remembered, only a year ago, his manly, modest electioneering—"the neatest little speeches," Ware said—in support of our Republican candidate! And there he was lying wounded, perhaps mortally; and here—I guessed what none other guessed save one—the woman who loved him, Marian Hope.

I went up to her, I put my arm about her, whispering softly, "Come with me, Marian; I have something to tell you." She did not heed. The locked hands did not unclasp; the glazed eyes saw never an object in the actual scene before her. I knew upon what her vision dwelt. A far, far field, trampled out of all its summer freshness by myriad feet, by grinding wheels, by something more awful still—by shattering shot and shell, and stained by the blood of human lives. On this stained field she saw a figure of youthful splendor, all the bright hair dabbled and stiff, all the comely strength powerless now, at the mercy of every circumstance, wounded, dying, with no hand to soothe, to help, no voice to whisper consolation in his extremity! This is what she saw with those glazed eyes, looking out, far out beyond our reach.

Again I essayed to recall her. My womanly sense of silence rose up in alarm at this unconscious revelation of her soul.

"Come away," I whispered again; "I have something more to tell you, May."

It never so much as penetrated the outmost range of her understanding; she did not even hear my voice. In despair I looked about me. I met the eyes of Richard Ware. There were tears in them, I thought, and there was a strange look of mingled pity and pain upon his usually smiling face. At my glance he came forward. He read the story clearly as I, and he was a gentleman. I felt then that women could trust him with all the secrets of their lives, and he would deal gently, reverently. He dealt reverently now. I don't know how it was. Some touch of the hand, some word low spoken, in a moment brought her out of her trance to a sense of present control; and in a moment more we went walking back, two and two, Richard Ware leading his horse as he walked beside her.

The whole town seemed changed as we entered it: a hush as of death spread over the streets, broken by knots of busy talkers here and there; and the low, wide house where we six were staying, always so cheery with music and laughter before, now echoed only anxious voices and lowered tones. We went in, not as we had gone out—bright with happy hopes and the joyous anticipation of our boys all coming back safe—but heavy-hearted, and filled with terrible forebodings, and an awful actual sense of loss. My room was just opposite Marian Hope's, and going up together, she asked, would I come in?

I remember perfectly, as I crossed the threshold, the chill air that blew in through the window blowing through the strings of an Æolian harp, shut in by the sash, in a mild, sweet strain of ghostly melody that was like a dirge; and just then from the *Constitution* a gun boomed sullenly. I was so shocked, so really frightened and nervous by this, that I think I should have cried out but for the singular effect it seemed to have upon Marian. A mere coincidence, I said to myself; why should it stir me so? A mere coincidence! Well, you shall see for yourself.

Marian at the point I speak of suddenly stopped, looked eagerly, yet dreamily forward, with that same wistful air as before, but with a listening expression in her face, in her attitude quite new. All the time I was conscious of the strangest sensation of stillness, so to speak—a nightmare feeling, that held me, spite of myself, from moving or speaking. It was a brief time, but it seemed an age, and when she turned to me to speak I know a clock was striking eight somewhere. She said,

"Did you hear, Laura?"

Did I hear what? I heard the wild wailing of the Æolian strings; I heard the booming of a gun across the water; I heard a clock strike eight. She did not mean this—I knew it ere she spoke. But what?

Coming closer, bending down upon me a gaze of blended awe and unutterable human love, she whispered,

"Laura, I heard him call me. I saw, or dreamed," and she here covered her eyes with her hands, speaking lowly—"a little knoll, grass grown and sunny—oh, the hot, hot rays, Laura, of that Southern sun, shining down upon the dearest head! You know whose, Laura; you have read my heart today. With the Æolian strains I heard a distant bugle sound; with the booming of the gun I saw a sheet of white smoke; and then, oh then, dear Laura, a white face turned toward me, blood-stained and faint, but the eyes looking clearly into mine: clearly, Laura, clearly I saw them; do not say I did not!"—putting up a hand in deprecation to stop the anticipated denial of her vision; a denial I never thought of making. "Then," and her voice hushed lower yet, "he called me, Laura, a soft, urgent call—'Marien! Marien!' And, Laura, I must go."

My mind began to work independently now, and I at once brought up all the impossibilities against a plan like this, through which she only shook her head, saying quietly, "I must go."

Of course I thought this was only the extravagant expression of her state. I had no more idea of her going, or of her believing it possible in her calmer mind, than I had of going myself. I little knew her.

Leaving her, as I supposed, in a quieter condition, I went down to the drawing-room. In it I found but one person, Richard Ware—Dick Ware, familiarly and naturally. And a good deal what you fancy a "Dick" to be—gay, *insouciant*, brilliant, with a trifle, nay more than a trifle, of the *élégant*, had this Richard; one who provoked me sometimes by his airish manner, his affected cynicism, his French follies and foppishness; but slipping along in the smooth groove of luxury, and "the long, long canker of peace," he had thus, from sheer desperation, born of his pampered tastes, flung himself down this shallow stream. The "long, long canker of peace" was over, and the roar of the cannon was at last rousing him. The roar of the cannon—what else? I had my thoughts, but I kept still.

Entering the room, I went straight up to him, standing as he was, facing the window. He did not hear my footstep—only, as I brushed him, the rustle of my gown. Then a quick turn—a glance of disappointment, yet relief, quickly veiled by courtesy.

He waited for me to speak. I would not. I would not hazard a single thought, where thoughts were so costly. He waited for me to speak of Marian Hope; but Marian Hope was a woman, and I was a woman. I might have told Richard Ware my own secrets, for I knew that underneath his masks he was *sans reproche*, but I kept Marian Hope's until there was no need of keeping.

Presently he broke the silence himself.

"Miss Hope was much shaken," he said; "she is very excitable, or sympathetic."

I signified assent to this guarded speech, but I gave him nothing in return.

"I trust she is more composed—have you just come from her?"

Presently again I lifted my eyes in the moonlight to observe him. He searched them with a look, and we understood each other at the end. So he dropped all masks, and exclaimed in a soft, vehement whisper,

"She loves him!"

I had no need to assent nor dissent. "Invisible truth is stronger than indisputable appearances," and we had dealt in both. But the ice once broken, he went on in a fervid flow of talk, not fully free in words, but breathing passionate depth in its overlaying of eloquent generalities—a talk suited to the hour, touching upon this first struggle, the sacrifice and loss—of the present individual grief that had come into our circle—of suspense and anxious hope deferred, and fancy's awful horrors.

Pity and tender consideration rang through his words, but a tenser string of pain was vibrating in a long quivering ache—a tooth of suffering that sharpened its fangs at another point than "pity and tender consideration."

"She will suffer much," he added; "and if he dies, which is probable, you know, it will be a long time: but she is young—she must recover life, and—"

The wreathing sprays of the balm-vine trailing in at the window were here suddenly caught, crushed into his hand against his mouth, as if he were loathing himself for thought and word, and so broke off; but the balm-vine brought thee no balm of solace, Richard Ware.

By-and-by he resumed:

"Such a splendid young fellow as he was! It is hard to believe him lost to us. A hard fate too, for him, right in the face of youth and glory. But yet, the wine of life was very sweet in his cup—no bitter. Young, ardent, earnest, and in divine possession of God's first gift, he did not live to lose or change. No"—dropping still lower all masks now, speaking out passionately into the passionate night of summer rain and lightning flashes—"no, I envy him—envy him; with such possession it were sweet to lie there wounded, dying, Laura!"

I spanned his wrist with my hand as I said,

"You are mistaken, he never knew—nor ever asked to know."

"Ah"—long drawn, and a lift of the head—"is it so? She gives him so much voluntarily. Perhaps, perhaps—" But again he shuddered away from himself, breaking off his words, maybe his thought; and touching my hand, said "Good-night," pausing at the door and coming back to whisper, "Let me serve her, if service is needed."

It was late morning when I awoke, after this vivid night, and my first thought was Marian Hope. Dressing hastily, I sought her. Her room was quite still; was it vacant, or had she too overslept? A servant turned the corner at my third knock.

Miss Hope had gone down some time ago. I went down, too, precipitately into the parlor—she was not there; out upon the veranda—nor there was she. As I stood wondering, the door of an unused tea-room opened, and Richard Ware beckoned me in. Glancing into his face, and the face of her who sat in the deep window, Marian Hope, I knew the secret was all told to him in sure, certain words.

Through the clefts of confession her soul had grown stronger. His, since yesterday shrouded in solemn weeds, had scarcely settled itself into quiet during this interview.

There was a burning depth in the deep darks of his eyes, which showed how turbulently the fire was silently raging beneath the calm exterior. I pitied him, with a sob rising in my throat. In a few rapid sentences I was made acquainted with the plan of her determination. It was more feasible than I had thought, though startling. To go on to Richmond.

"How is that possible?" I exclaimed, breathless.

"More possible than you think. Do you know that my uncle is ——— ?" She bent forward and, with a ghost of a smile, whispered a name that thrilled me with surprise—a name I shall not reveal here—a Southern name of high distinction, by whose powerful influence, which she did not doubt obtaining, she would compass her desires.

I looked at her curiously here. A proud, reserved girl in her usual action, how the sublime heights of love had carried her beyond conventions and womanly masks of silence! Yet I marveled why she chose Richard Ware for this confession—Richard Ware of all others. Perhaps my face expressed my question, for she suddenly explained: "I have known Richard all my life, you know; he is like a brother, or what a brother should be;" and here she leaned down, in a swift impulse of fond gratitude, of simple affection, brushing that soft, beautiful hair into his hands, where she hid her softer face a moment as if in blessing. Carved in stone the face that bent above her might have been, but for the troubled eyes misty with unshed tears.

Lifting her head, she added: "And he crowns all his kindness by accompanying me to Washington."

"From whence—" I began.

"From whence I shall find means of communicating with my uncle, and then proceed onward." She stopped—a shadow crossed her face—then looking up clearly:

"Friends, understand me completely. I go out not as the lover of this man, but to restore him; yet"—very clearly now, quite proudly indeed, with inscrutable eyes of impassioned faith—"yet do I love him!"

A reverent silence fell upon us, and out of it she glided from the room. Noon came restless and fevered, while we waited for news of the dead—the wounded. Night at last brought us tidings.

There was one item never to be forgotten by three of us, yet long ago forgotten by the rest of the world. It told how, after hours of neglected suffering—hours that passed through a night and lengthened into another day—at its close a gallant young officer, lying upon a certain knoll where he had fallen, was again wounded by a chance shot.

My spiritual sense at once took in the meaning of this; the relation was quite minute, and the signs unmistakable. But what was it? A coincidence!

I recalled the yesternight—the faint, wild prophecy of the wind-harp, the bugle-call heard by that tensioned ear, the booming of the gun, the white sheet of smoke—and then I remembered it was the close of the *second day*, and the clock was striking eight!

As I summed it all up a thrill ran through me, and I covered my face with my hands. I had heard of such things, but had thought little about them, given them little credence, perhaps; and now, how was I to dispose of this coincidence?

As I thought, into my room came a swift-gliding step, a silken rustle, and Marian Hope, in her dressing-robe, fluttered to my feet.

"Did you read it, Laura?" was all she asked, with eyes clear as ether, and filled with a deep, internal light.

She knew that I remembered.

"And I go to-night," she murmured, bowing her head upon my folded hands.

The train was late at Richmond; and up and down the platform a gentleman of the stateliest bearing walked and waited, with evident anxiety in his dark-bearded face. At length the locomotive's shrill halloo heralds approach, and in sweeps the long line of cars, bringing what he seeks—a lady in charge of a young Confederate officer.

"Maizy, Maizy, my child!" he says, tenderly, as he holds her in welcome to his breast. And at the old pet name of her childhood Marian Hope clings closer still, weeping out emotions which he as yet little understands, but which he endeavors to soothe in a fond, fatherly fashion. "What is it, Maizy?" he goes on; "did you get frightened, my little Southern birdie, up there in the chilly North?"

Very dear to her uncle was Marian Hope—a "little Southern birdie," as he called her, for her dead mother, his only sister. Very dear; but she tried him sorely that night.

They were sitting alone together in the library, and she had told him her story—the whole story, omitting nothing—neither her involuntary love nor the singular "coincidence" at the close of that second day. It seems a hazardous experiment the unfolding of such a tale, but Marian Hope knew the man with whom she had to deal—a man of subtle intellect and an unusual delicacy of interior perception. He pondered a while over it, neither expressing surprise nor incredulity, but in utter silence, regarding her with speculative interest now and then.

At last, "You came to see this man?" he said.

"I came to save him, to restore him if he yet lives." She had answered promptly, but her voice failed here at the awful possibility which that "if" suggested. There was no lack of surprise now in her listener's face, and, with a half smile at her temerity, he asked,

"And how do you propose to do it?"

She bent upon him a look that was both ardent and believing as she replied,

"You will give me the means."

"*I?*" He drew back, a cloud gathering upon his brow. "You know not what you ask," he said.

Prepared for denial, for opposition, Marian assailed him in every vulnerable quarter, evincing a knowledge of his power and opportunities which startled and amazed him.

Perhaps he listened to her with less consternation when it is considered that secretly this man cherished in his soul a love for his country, under the broad bond of union, which no convulsions could shake and no separations could sever, and that he had only become associated with the Confederate system through a combination of circumstances, allied with a desire (into which no dissembling entered) to moderate, as far as his influence would allow him, the rash extremities of the times.

But while it was evident that these feelings modified his acceptance of her entreaties, he at the same time decidedly, almost sternly, refused any co-operation.

"What an absurdly romantic plan!" he said, with a grim smile. "*I* to meddle with a prisoner of war because a girl who loves him asks it. Child, there are a hundred girls who might ask the same."

She winced a little, but answered, quietly, "These hundred girls are not your sister's child. It is *I*, 'Maizy,' who asks this of you. And he is wounded, fatally perhaps. If he yet lives, let him go home to die."

She dropped her head, with all its silken cloud of curls, against his hand—curls whose touch he remembered when, a little motherless baby, she had lain in his breast. He looked at her pityingly a moment—the tears came into his eyes; then he rose abruptly, with the words,

"He shall be well cared for, and you shall see him: ask no more."

"This way, Sir;" and the doctor turned into the low, wide room, whose windows were trellised with Virginia creepers and jasmine.

The young fellow lying on the couch there, just escaped from death, looked wonderingly at his approaching visitor, for whom the physician had just prepared him.

What could he want with him?

He was presently enlightened, though in guarded words. "My niece, Sir, who is with me now, spoke of you as a friend. I am desirous always to do what lies in my power for a stranger—not less so in these unfortunate times." Mindful of his pride and honor, he had thus carefully generalized and simplified her position.

His niece! A scarlet flush spotted the pale cheek; a sudden conviction translated all the fever-dreams. She had come—Marian Hope!

His visitor's suave, courteous sentences fell upon unheeding ears after this; and looking down upon him this visitor mistook the signs. The pulsing silence, the unseeing eyes, struck him as death-marks; and going out, he drove back at a swift gallop.

Later, into the humble farm-house—into the low, wide room—another presence entered.

"Marian! Marian!"—the very tones of that mystic call! She knelt beside the couch, happy, hopeful, believing. That moment was complete. If sometimes, in the cold, gray dawn of reason, she had doubted her impression and trembled at her daring, she blessed it now, kneeling there, looking into his trusting face, as he whispered faintly,

"You heard my call, Marian. Lying there dying, as I thought, I put my whole soul into that cry, not as a summons, but a farewell and a confession. Into that call I flung my heart, Marian. And you heard me! I never doubted it. Afterward, burning with fever, I dreamed you took it for a summons. The dream translates itself."

The days went by, bringing convalescence; and he young soldier, now transferred to the pleasant country-seat of Marian's relative, certainly found captivity wearing rosy chains. But the patriotic heart beat truly; and amidst all the enchantments of love and idleness he yearned to take his place in the front of battle.

To again appeal to her uncle Marian knew would be useless. His decisions were unalterable. But,

> "With true love's treacherous confidence,"

she had possessed herself with means, and found her way.

When we exalt the women of '76 to the disadvantage of those of our own times, it is well to remember such instances as this. Here was a woman bred in the utmost luxury; accustomed to a life which, more than any other, tends to individual gratification, and clouds the vision to great wrongs and personal sacrifice. Here was this woman throwing all her energies into a cause, and that cause the liberation of her lover from a safe captivity to sure separation and constant peril.

Time seemed to pass so merrily with those two that their host had no suspicion that they contemplated such a separation. He smiled to himself one day as he went out leaving them singing to a guitar accompaniment some sweet old love-song—smiled, thinking, "She says no more about his going home to die." That day the plan of escape was perfected, and at night the separation had taken place. Details are dangerous: let them pass. But no heroine of the French revolution ever evinced more tact and skill in the accomplishment of her design than this girl who, six months ago, had heard only in a drum-beat or a bugle-note some gay dance-measure, and whose days were occupied in the round of inanities which habit enforces. There was nothing wanting in this plan—pass nor countersign had she failed to obtain.

And left behind, with no means of communication between herself and her lover, unrepining and believing, she atones to her uncle for "true love's treacherous confidence" by a devotion as earnest and complete as her whole character. The very spirit to express

> "I do not say the day is long and dreary,
> For while thou art content to be away,
> Living in thee, O Love, I live thy day,
> And reck not if mine own be sad and weary."

And through the long, long days she keeps her watch. The long, long days, God hallow them to thee, oh waiting heart!

It is November now. Only the other day we chronicled with tears another fatal defeat. In that perilous encounter, side by side fought our young hero of Manassas and his cousin, Richard Ware. Covered with glory, the brave Lieutenant returns to his post, but—"Richard Ware shot through the heart." That brave, true heart, which first received its death-warrant on another morn months ago—a summer morn, when the waves murmured, and birds sang, and the sun smiled calmly down, and a girl's voice entered his soul through the clefts of confession. The brave, true heart; all its yearnings are now satisfied, all its aspirations realized, while we drop our tears over his grave. In the mean time the roar of the cannon goes on, the drums beat, and the bugles blow, while other brave, true hearts are shedding their life-blood; but when women are content to watch alone while those they love "fight the good fight," and men fly from the allurements of their presence to the dangers of battle, we may believe that not one drop of this costly blood shall be a useless sacrifice.

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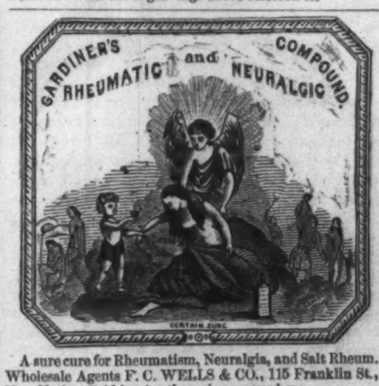

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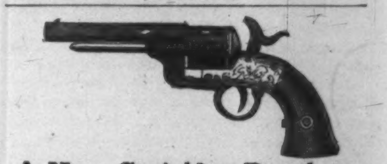

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